TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 5, No. 7 | The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors. Office—9 Adelaide Street West. | TORONTO, JANUARY 9, 1892. | TERMS: Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), $2. | Whole No. 215

Around Town.

The simplest form of government is an autocracy. Law-making in Russia is no task, since the approval of the Czar is really all that need be sought after. There are no clamoring factions to appease and the law-givers are not beset by troublous doubts as to what actually is the popular wish in any matter. No thought that the burden of some proposed legislation will sag over and bear too heavily upon one class of the population is allowed to retard its enactment, for the Czar wills it so. In countries where the people being from the earliest generations of a dissatisfied and meddlesome nature, have set up some form and measure of a democracy, this beautiful simplicity of government has been quite lost. I am not going to speak about the compensating advantages to the sum of humanity, but merely wish to point out that the complexities of government are increased under the expanded liberties now enjoyed by the masses in Canada and in other countries. The aggravations and perplexities of our system are such and the expense of maintaining our institutions is so enormous, that it is surprising some organization has not sprung up with the object of restoring autocracies for their cheapness and convenience. If we could exalt one man to the position of supreme ruler of this Dominion, who could name a deputy for each province and these in turn could transmit their infallible authority to satellites in each city or county, we would avoid general and bye-elections with their expense and their scandals. There would be no City Councils with their time-serving committees; no Courts of Revision and no Courts of Law if our High Hump Duster thought fit to abolish them in the name of economy and simplicity. Party politics are said to be the curse of this country—we would escape this curse which never existed under a despotic form of government. Best of all, there would be an end to this practice of referring questions of morals, of necessity or of policy to the vote of the people—a practice which certain men learned in law and theology have recently declared to be Anti-British, unchristian and vicious.

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He is a poor economist and a questionable Christian surely, who cannot argue warmly in favor of a despotism. If the race has advanced and men are disposed to manage their own affairs, so too have the despots advanced and are better able to rule an improved variety of mankind. And they are disposed to do it. The man who objects to the proposal is a poor economist, since he shuts his eyes to the immense saving that would result from the abolition of all our representative institutions. He is a questionable Christian surely, or he would advocate a despotism in view of the present disposition of the masses to govern themselves in matters of morals and Sabbath necessity in defiance of the ordained clergy. Under a despotism the clergy would have no insurgent electorate to contend with, as one would have to be a moral man or an immoral corpse. I am presuming of course that the clergy would appoint the despot, the privilege of doing which they would naturally insist upon before consenting to see a despotism established. While they would prefer a friendly despotism to unfriendly mass rule, yet if they could not name the despot they would indignantly appeal to the mob to preserve its ascendency against an impious plot. But though they should choose the ruler there is one drawback. Morals being imperative and human conduct regulated by high commands, preaching would cease to be a necessary trade. The despot would speak his will, the guillotine would do the rest. I fear I have defeated my apparent object in the admission made in these last few lines. I fear the clergy will incite the people to pronounce against a despotism, cheap and simple though it be in form, and I fear without that incitement the people would decline to restore despotic government, much as there is to recommend its restoration from certain points of view. People are willing to sweat under the perplexities of responsible citizenship for the satisfaction afforded and the greater liberty enjoyed.

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If we are going to have a democracy here let it be one in fact as in name. If the despotism of one man is a thing to fight against, so too is the despotism of a ministerial syndicate or any other class or combination of men amongst us. In cropping the ears of royalty and banishing the church from a place of authority in the state, the people were looking after their civil and religious liberty. Yet to-day in this city certain clergymen of certain sects are seeking to acquire an ascendency no less tyrannical than that from which the founders of those sects escaped by sacrificing their lives. Any man will favor a despotism if he is allowed to be the despot, and very few of the earth's tyrants but were convinced that they were discharging their duty and acting within their just privileges. The martyrs who were burned at the stake for heresy and died triumphantly singing in testimony of their unwavering faith were, I am sure, no more fully persuaded that they enjoyed God's favor than the pious and austere churchmen who consigned them to the flames. The modern idea that these men were bloodthirsty old villains, consciously wicked, has nothing to warrant it. They were at the head of the Christianity of that day, guarded the true faith as it had been taught them, lived holy lives, prayed and fasted and practiced what they preached. Their mistake consisted in assuming that they were in full possession of God's will, and that, therefore, any men who claimed greater liberty of conscience and of action than they prescribed were wicked enemies of christianity whom they were required, as a religious duty, to remove. There has been no added revelation since that day, and the confident and arbitrary pronouncement of God's will in sundry matters is as unwarranted now as it was then. The evangelical church now declares that the church then was wrong and that the few individuals condemned and persecuted for what was called blasphemy, were right. Yet in all ages the church, right or wrong, claimed to be right and held the wrath of the Almighty as a menace over the heads of thinking men, to coerce their thoughts to its standards of belief The church being fallible—proven fallible out of its own mouth—it has no right to authoritatively interpret the divine will or prescribe christian conduct. The Protestant ministry in attempting this makes vain-glorious use of its opportunities and goes back on its record.

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The reference of certain questions to the people for settlement may be anti-British, as some claim, and still be an admirable practice. It is un-British to meekly accept the blow of an adversary, yet we are taught that it is unchristian to return it. It is pure nonsense to advise the rejection of a wise custom on the sole ground that it is anti-British. It is the last reason of interested schemers. King John said the Magna Charta was anti-British, and so it was. He waived that point, however, as one of the baron's commenced stropping his battle-axe on his boot-leg. Long before and ever since that day anti-British procedures have been adopted into British procedure as the growing liberties of the people increased the necessities of law and constitution. England has adapted to her uses all those foreign practices that were applicable to her conditions. A secret ballot is anti-British, but England will one day adopt the Canadian ballot system, as she is now trying to adopt our public school system. The popular vote will be had recourse to more and more and the franchise will widen down to manhood suffrage. Mass rule is at hand, and if you think popular rule is mob rule and you will not submit to be ruled by the mob, then there is but one thing for you to do—Join the mob, merge with the mass, and be not ruled but ruling.

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The difficulty of determining the will of the people, as it changes from time to time, is a trouble peculiar to democratic government. As an instance of this I have noticed popular sentiment towards transfers on the street railway. All were enthusiastically in favor of the transfer privilege when it seemed unlikely to be secured and when the company was thought dilatory about introducing the change. I for one was fearful lest the company should fail in its agreement, yet, although traveling on the cars every day, I have not once taken advantage of the transfer privilege. To me it is an untasted bliss, and others like me are now raising a rumbling demand that the transfer clause be set aside in favor of an amendment giving eight tickets for a quarter all day long. What the company may think of this proposition I do not know. What the people think can only be guessed from the amount of noise created by the dissatisfied ones, and so far it is scarcely worth noticing. The people are practically satisfied—O happy people for once! Yet it is not impossible that in time fickle public feeling may cry out for some new fancy in this matter.

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On every car I see a man with a hang-dog face who shifts uneasily in his seat, looks at the ceiling, and when the conductor comes along says "transfer." The fare collector has his suspicions and asks him where from, and the man mentions some connecting line. The conductor passes on, sometimes muttering to himself, pauses at the door as though half-minded to come back and put that man off, but goes out instead and relates his suspicions to his friend on the platform who wears red mitts and a slouch hat. The friend flattens his nose against the glass door, shades his eye with a red mitt and sizes up the suspect. The suspect squirms again. The other passengers in paying their fares do so ostentatiously, as much as to say, "Observe me, sir. I pay my way like an honest man." If that passenger is beating his way down town he will never do it again. If he is a genuine transfer he would rather pay his way in straight cash a dozen times over than undergo such a humiliating ordeal. The present plan of leaving so much to the honesty of the passenger has its disadvantages to the company and its patrons. Some who are rogues by instinct think it clever to defraud the company by pretending to be a "transfer," while perfectly honest people of unlovely countenance are wrongfully suspected and put to public shame. The most dishonest man has often the fairest *offfaces* to mask his mean spirit, and the man of strict integrity and sterling worth may wear a broken nose and scraggy whiskers. Boiler explosions never respect persons, and a railroad accident may mutilate, maim and mar the honest face of a missionary bound for China without turning a hair on the slick three-card-monte man in the smoker. Thus the fare collectors on the street cars cannot judge transfer passengers by surface indications, which are generally faulty.

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Mr. Fleming has been elected mayor, and although his majority is very small it is sufficiently large to make him a winner and the city a serious loser. As his organs candidly stated during the campaign, the city does not require nor desire an able man for mayor. Anyone will do. Those who think otherwise will now stand by and see the city flounder along without sensible guidance, as it has so long done, not knowing where it is going, what it is paying, nor what it is getting in return for all its money. The city has refused the services of an expert financier who, at some personal sacrifice, consented to come in and take stock and set our civic business in something like order. After the evils of which so much has been truly said during the past month have been aggravated beyond endurance by the hap-hazard, chance-taking policy of the new executive, there will be a tardy realization of the need for an able man to finance a six million dollar revenue and grapple with a thirty million dollar debt. But when that day comes there will be difficulty in inducing a man of capacity to venture into a contest wherein he may be beaten by a man who cannot count ten without using his fingers and a Ready Reckoner.

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Mr. Osler is credited with expressing a feeling of relief that he, in being defeated, escaped a solid year of hard financial work such as he had resolved upon. Mr. Fleming could have applied no such balm to his feelings had he been defeated. In striving for the mayoralty he was actuated by much the same purpose as that which caused him, on hallowe'ens not long past, to bob for apples in a tub—his stomach craved something. But I must be loyal to the chief magistrate, so cheerfully say that the new mayor will prove a good hand-shaker and will look handsome in a high chair with a brown plush or old gold background. If that's what the city wants the city has secured it.

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The most profitable morsel for reflection in the municipal elections is the random episode of James Beaty's candidature. It shows how deficient in character we are as a people that a man of Mr. Beaty's keen faculties could be buncoed into making a holy show of himself. Here he was going about the city with the wild light of hope in his eyes, holding meetings and winning friends wherever he went and confident to the last that he would be elected. Yet when the ballots were counted he had but an average of four votes for each polling division. He was misled, betrayed and lied to. If people by thousands did not lie to him they at least feigned to support him while never intending to do so. The people are so deficient in moral courage that they could not bear to stick a pin in him and wake him up, so they passed him along in his somnambulistic canvass until he was aroused with a killing shock on election night. I will be surprised if Mr. Beaty does not ask for another election, or at least a recount, for as he meets his thousands of alleged supporters and is solemnly assured by every one of them that they voted for him, how can he think a count is correct that credits him with only six hundred odd votes in all? The secret ballot is a power for good, but it is a great convenience for the moral coward. John McMillan is in a position to moralize upon the ingratitude of the masses, and his friends can join with those of Mr. Osler in declaring that merit and capacity have little to do with a candidate's chances.

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That remarkable evening dreadful, the *News* intoxicated by the fact that it supported the winner—a fact for which it gives the clerk at the cash counter no credit—has developed such a rare courage that its editor may be expected to risk a fistic encounter with John L. Sul-

A PARTY OF FOUR.

livan's photograph. Knowing that Mr. E. E. Sheppard was at mid-ocean bound for Germany, that paper Tuesday evening came out with a most bitter personal attack upon him containing scandalous insinuations and charges. In Mr. Sheppard's absence I have some diffidence about intruding his name upon this page, but there is enough loyalty in me to resent this slander of an absent man, who if present would be treated with that careful and prudent respect which he received from the *News* until the telegraph wire told of the departure of himself and his pen from New York. The *News* is brave just now with its charges and innuendoes—that Lazarus of city journalism, sitting with beseeching palm and watery eye at every gate through which men pass to office! Its untruthfulness and bulldozing tactics are so well known that there is honor in its enmity.

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About thirty members elected to the Dominion Parliament last March have been unseated for corrupt practices as defined in law. The luckless ones are pretty evenly divided between the parties, but experience teaches that the bye-elections will result in more or less important gains for the dominant party. This fact requires no sinister explanation, for it is a characteristic of the human, as well as other animals, to stay with the herd when possible. Among the thirty unseated members only one was proven guilty of violating even the least of the many strict provisions of the Elections Act, and he was disqualified. The others were unseated, because men identified with them in ways that would constitute agencies for the candidates had been indiscreet. That does not mean clumsy in trickery nor injudicious in bribery, but simply thoughtless enough to do things that were open to misconstruction. In one case an agent while canvassing for votes met a man and paid him a dollar for work done at his house some time previously, as the agent said at the time and afterwards affirmed on oath. The man happened by some coincidence to be a voter. On the election being protested this man was produced, and swore that the agent paid him the dollar; had not previously owed it to him, and that he accepted it as a covert bribe, believing it to be so intended. The member was unseated on this petty item with little else to support it.

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It seems to me that a dollar man, one who by his own oath was shown to be ready to vote as he was told for one dollar, would swear as he was told for ten dollars. If his honor was of such an easy sort that the agent could have bought him with a dollar, I am persuaded that should a rival agent approach him after the election with ten dollars he would bargain to swear that he had been bribed and that he had seen all his relatives and neighbors accept money too. Yet this is the sort of man whose evidence has upset so many elections. I have heard old farmers tell about the good days when money flowed like water at election time and almost every man of ordinary thrift was in the habit of bathing in the golden stream. That was twenty years ago and upwards—before the politicians, finding their pockets empty and their backs threadbare, mutually agreed to be virtuous and thereupon passed stricter laws against bribery and corruption. An old farmer once told me that he was plowing in a field the day previous to an old-time election in Ontario County, when a Grit worker drove up, came and talked with him and in shaking hands at parting left twenty dollars in his fingers. He put it in his pocket and went on plowing. A couple of hours later a Tory worker drove up, came and talked with him and also left twenty dollars in his hand. "I kept on plowing," he said, "and next day went and voted as I darn liked." I asked him if his conscience didn't trouble him. "Not a bit of it. I never sold a vote in my life, but that day I thought to myself that if there's any more people racing up and down the sideline giving away money, why, they'll find me plowing in this 'ere field, that's all."

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At that time, although corruption was rife, yet the voter held his honor at a decent figure and the dollar man was rightly despised, like a non-union mechanic or a merchant who cuts prices to the injury of the trade. In reforming the practices of that time we have gone too far, for no man's seat is safe. The dollar man has not been wiped out. His business has been improved. The cheap fellow who is ready to sell his vote for a pound of tobacco but gets no chance to do it, is finding out that an election is easily upset and that he can sell for the price of fifty votes if he watches himself and does not pause at perjury. The object in unseating a member where the illegal conduct of his agent could in no sense have shaped the general result, is simply to promote purity in politics by disgracing and punishing the party convicted of improper methods. As the law stands at present there is no disgrace to a member in being unseated, for everybody knows the most trivial thing will suffice to that end. There is an unnatural severity of punishment though, and as a consequence a deposed member meets with more sympathy than reproach. The law, by its severity and by a minuteness of provision that leaves nothing to the discernment and judicial sense of the bench or judge, goes too far and defeats its supposed purpose. This opinion, I daresay, is very general just now and the more sensible law about to come into force will be welcomed.

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In securing ten thousand votes the Sunday street car proposal suffered a defeat that was a startling victory, considering the powerful engineery employed against it. The pulpits used their influence to the last degree, cast all into the doubtful struggle, urged church members to canvass and work on polling day, and thanks to this great organization brought out the recluse vote and thereby piled four thousand into the scales that otherwise would have balanced evenly. There was no organization in favor of Sunday cars and I think it would have been improper had there been an organized effort made in their behalf. While decidedly in favor of Sunday cars, I think they should only be introduced here through a spontaneous expression of will from a majority of citizens. The vote on Monday was spontaneous enough to suit anybody, but it was a minority vote and fails in its purpose. The *World* and its friends can afford to sit down for a year or two and let light shine into the dark corners of the public mind, for the result is now foregone.

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I see that the committee appointed by the churches to defeat Sunday cars intends to remain an active instrument for the defence of the Sabbath against desecration. The attention of that committee should be instantly called to the many reverend gentlemen who use cabs and buggies going to and from church; to the wealthy parishioners who drive to the house of God in their private carriages, and to the liveries that hire rigs to pleasure-seekers and visitors. That committee should look after all these people who transgress its idea of what is right. I do not think any of them should be interfered with, for I do not believe any of them are doing wrong, but as that committee believes in the Puritan Sabbath it should defend it on all sides, and get its own chairman imprisoned if he steps crooked on Sunday. It should be consistent, or it should disband and not be a thing for angels to weep over and men to jibe and jeer at. The rumor that certain of those who favored Sunday cars will now make a crusade against every sort of conveyance on the day of rest is, I trust, untrue, for that is or should be the side of liberty and free movement, not of garrulous interference with individual habit. MACK.

Social and Personal.

The Young Men's Liberal Club of Toronto have arranged for an original and unique Canadian Literature Evening in the Art Gallery, King street west, on Saturday evening, January 16, when several Canadian *litterateurs* will read selections from their own works. Among those who will be present are Mrs. Harrison (Seranus), Miss Machar (Fidelus), Miss Pauline Johnson, Miss Helen M. Merrell, and Messrs. W. W. Campbell (who will read The Mother), Duncan Campbell Scott, W. D. Lighthall of Montreal, and H. K. Cockin. A choice musical programme of a national character will also be rendered and altogether the evening promises to be most enjoyable and entertaining. It will be open to the public.

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A very pleasant entertainment took place on Wednesday evening, at the residence of Mrs. Kilmer, 351 Jarvis street, when this most genial lady entertained her guests at a leap year party, dancing and other amusements being indulged in until a very late hour.

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Miss Lundy of Ashburnham (Peterboro') gave one of the most delightful dances of the season on New Year's evening. The music room and floor were everything the dancers desired. And as it was a *cheveux poudre* the pretty effect was one that will long be remembered by the participants. There were about one hundred guests present, and the dancing was kept up until the "wee sma' hours." The following are a few of the guests: Mr., Mrs. and Miss Dennistoun, Mr. and the Misses Halliday, the Misses Hall, Mr. Percy Rogers, Mr. David and Miss Rogers, Miss Millie Beck, Mr. Caddy, Mr. Ham Burnham, Mr. H. S. Strickland of Toronto, Miss Ince, Miss Roberts, Miss Maggie Macdonell of Toronto, Miss Sherwood, Mr. Forbes, Mr. Schofield, Miss Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Dancks of Kingston, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Donaldson of Toronto, Mr. Belcher, Mr. and Mrs. Van de Linden, the Misses Wallace, the Misses Calcutt, Miss Hatton, Mrs. James Morris, Miss Brookes Merrick, Mr. Lou Hayes, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Peck, Mr. Baucher, Mr. Martin, Col. Rogers, Mr. Amos, Mr. Drummond, Mr. Parker and Mr. and Miss Orde.

The B. and B. Assembly, which was held in Mount Forest on the evening of December 20, proved to be a society event of some note, the flower of the youth and beauty of all the surrounding towns being in attendance, Toronto being especially well represented. There was also quite a bevy of sweet school girls from the Branksome Ladies' College, who were chaperoned by Mrs. Eachern, and accompanied by Mr. Fairclough, musical director of that institution. The names of the young ladies were: Miss Birdie McCullough of Mount Forest, Miss Clara Austin of British Columbia, Miss Maud McMillan of Buffalo, Miss Effie McEachern of Listowel, Miss Edith Scott and Miss Black. The music was all that could be desired. There were many beautiful costumes. Among the most elegant might be mentioned that worn by Mrs. McMullen, wife of the M. P. for North Wellington, which was a rich black velvet over a petticoat of corn colored satin, court train; a cream satin, *en train*, worn by Mrs. Hewitt; a pale blue silk worn by Mrs. (Dr.) Jones; a cream moire worn by Mrs. Kingston; a cream satin and Brussels lace, with diamond ornaments, worn by Miss Marie C. Strong, was much admired; Miss Kate Strong wore outcrop silk with gold passementerie; Miss Henderson of Arthur in a costume of pale blue silk was much admired; Miss Kate Stevenson wore a pretty shell pink; Miss Coyne's salmon pink and lace was very beautiful; Miss Hay of Listowel looked sweetly pretty in a Grecian gown of pale pink and gold; the Misses Roberts wore cream satin and pink silk respectively; Miss Rutledge of Guelph wore a gown of blue silk.

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Mrs. Winnet of Beverley street gave a charming luncheon on Thursday, December 31. Among those I noticed Miss Parsons, Miss Bessie Parsons, Miss Ella Gooderham, Miss Kennedy, Miss Lee, Miss Barker, Miss Henderson, Miss Annie Henderson, Miss Lina Henderson, Mrs. Thompson, Miss Lindsay of Detroit and the Misses Winnet.

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Mrs. Frank Clemow of Ottawa is visiting her mother, Mrs. Fitch of Atherly, Jarvis street.

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Hon. Lyman M. and Mrs. Jones have taken rooms at the Arlington Hotel for the winter.

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On New Year's Eve the Oriole Social Club gave a very pleasant At Home to a few of their friends. A novel and pretty feature of the evening was the ringing of the old year out and the new year in by the Scotch hand bell ringers.

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Last Wednesday evening Mrs. Pike of 65 Major street gave a very charming progressive euchre party and dance for her sister, Miss B. Miller of Oil Springs. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery, Miss Ida Milligan, Mr. Pearce, Miss Stammers, the Misses McVity, Mr. Jarvis, Mr. W. and Miss M. Minty, Mr. F. and Miss T. Mason, Mr. H. Cherry, Miss M. Fleming, Mr. Hutchison and others.

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The Elliott House presented a very brilliant appearance New Year's Eve, the occasion being an At Home given by the Misses Hirst. The ball room which was tastefully decorated was the scene of merry dancing until the old year had fled. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Ardagh, Mr. and Mrs. J. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. E. Harcourt, Mr. and Mrs. Stuttaford, Mrs. and Miss Powell, Mrs. and Miss MacGillivary of Chicago, the Misses Bain, Elliott, Langley, Mullin, Burtchall, Bailey, Stevens, Laidley and Miss Humphries of Montreal, Hon. Mr. Davidson of Montreal, and Messrs. McNab, Galbraith, Switzer, MacNair, Widdowson and Till.

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Miss Flossie Coles of St. Patrick street has gone to New York to visit her uncle, Mr. F. G. Cowle.

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It is many a year since Dundas witnessed such a delightful and interesting wedding as took place in the Methodist church on December 30, when Miss Clara Louise Grafton, young est daughter of Mr. J. B. Grafton, was married to Dr. A. Orr Hastings of Toronto. The church was beautifully decorated with holly and other Christmas foliage, and lent an attractive air to the wedding ceremony. The Rev. J. Philip, uncle of the bride, assisted by the Rev. S. Cleaver, officiated, the bride being given away by her father. The church was filled with spectators and guests. The bridal dress was faille Francaise, festooned with rich Brussels tome lace, caught with orange blossoms, with a handsome court train. Her only ornament was a brooch in the shape of an edelweiss, surrounded with diamonds, the gift of the groom, and she carried a beautiful bouquet of white niphetos roses. The maid of honor, Miss Edith Grafton, was dressed in white crepe cloth, embroidered in gold, and carried a bunch of Marechal Niel roses tied with gold and white ribbons, and wore a pearl brooch, a souvenir of the occasion from the groom. The bridesmaids were the little Misses Lilla Herald and Dell Grafton, nieces of the bride, wearing gowns of yellow and white chiffon, and carrying baskets of yellow and white flowers. The groom, Dr. A. Orr Hastings, was supported by Dr. Lehmann of Toronto. The ushers were Messrs. Will More, Ben Racey, Forbes Geddes and W. T. Wilson. After the service the bride received under an artistic canopy of yellow and white chrysanthemums, and there the congratulations and best wishes of her many friends were showered upon her. Afterwards the happy couple left on a honeymoon trip to New York, and on their return will reside in Toronto. A reception was held from 3.30 to 10 o'clock at The Maples, the home of the bride's parents, where the many beautiful and costly presents were much admired. An orchestra provided music during the evening. The wedding was an exceedingly beautiful one, and all present joined in wishing Dr. and Mrs. Hastings every happiness for their future.

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Mrs. Goulding of 67 St. George street is visiting Mrs. Cameron in London.

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Progressive euchre parties seem to be the most popular form of entertainment this season. Wednesday last Mrs. Davison of Washington avenue gave a very pleasant one, and several more are on the *tapis*.

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Mrs. Kingsmill entertained a large number of gentlemen at a beautiful luncheon on New Year's Day.

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Among those hostesses whose card baskets were filled on New Year's Day was Mrs. Philip Drayton of Bloor street east.

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Mrs. G. T. Blackstock gave a small tea on Monday.

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Mrs. William Crowther of St. George street gave a large and most enjoyable progressive euchre party on Tuesday night. In all there were about twelve tables and some of the costumes worn by the ladies were very handsome. Mrs. Alfred Cameron had a pretty gown of pearl satin and pink chiffon; Mrs. Cecil Ley, white and yellow brocade; Mrs. James Crowther, dove-colored silk with pearl and silver embroidery; Miss Walker, pink chiffon and jewel trimming; Miss Cassells, red crepe and gold embroidery; Miss Edna Ley, gray silk and white lace; Miss Parsons, yellow and white chiffon; Miss Macdonald, pink chiffon and gray brocaded satin; Mrs. Scott, pale blue brocade; Miss Green, yellow and black costume; Mrs. Crowther wore a very becoming pale blue silk and brocade with gold embroidery, and her guest, Miss Fraser, black tulle. Amongst the gentlemen present were Messrs. I. Scott, Hart, Benedict, Stanton, Dr. Wilson, G. Brooks, H. Patterson, McDonald, Hollyer, Dudgeon, Hoskins, Cecil Ley and others.

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Among the many society people whom I saw at the Grand last week were Judge and Mrs. McMahon, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Manning and party, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet, Mrs. George Gooderham and party, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Holland, Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther, Mr. and Mrs. Foy, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Duggan, Mr. and Mrs. Monk and Miss Monk.

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I am glad to hear that Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson has sufficiently recovered from her illness to drive out in Geneva. Mr. Thompson purposes taking her to Bournemouth for the winter as soon as she is able for the journey.

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An interesting event took place at five o'clock on New Year's Eve, at Grasmere Place, near Milton, the residence of Mr. Henry Robinson, it being the marriage of Mr. V. P. Hunt, the well known musician, to Miss Nellie E. Robinson. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. John Hunt, father of the groom. Miss Robinson was attended by Miss Belle Robinson as maid of honor, while little Miss Dot Rose and Master Jack Hunt followed as bridesmaid and page. Mr. A. McCallum Read of St. Catharines, organist of St. Thomas' Church, acted as best man. The bride wore a costume of electric blue cloth, in which she went away, and after the ceremony was performed the party, which was strictly *en famille*, partook of a delightful *dejeuner*, and drank the health of Mr. and Mrs. Hunt. The bride and groom left by the evening train for the Falls, and will reside in Toronto after the honeymoon.

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Mr. and Mrs. V. P. Hunt will be At Home, at 150 Wilton avenue, on January 14.

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A quiet wedding took place in Toronto on December 29, when Mr. Harold Augustus Jarvis, who has so often delighted Toronto audiences with his melodious utterances, was married to Miss Laura Geikie. Mr. Jarvis has not only betaken himself to the land of the Stars and Stripes, but has carried off a young lady whom her friends can very reluctantly spare. Miss Geikie's fine musical ability and long connection with one of Toronto's favorite charities will cause her place to be filled with difficulty. The hearty good wishes of a large circle of friends follow this popular young couple into the United States of Michigan and Matrimony.

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Miss Ellis of 583 Sherbourne street will receive the French Club this evening.

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Dr. and Mrs. Hastings will be At Home on Monday, January 18 and two following days from three to six o'clock at their residence, 262 Sherbourne street.

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Mr. Harold Jarvis (Harry), fourth son of Mr. Edgar Jarvis, was married to Miss Katie Kerr in Winnipeg on New Year's Eve.

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Mrs. Alfred Denison gave a cobweb party for a number of young friends last evening. After the various spiders had secured their prey, the evening was spent in a carpet dance. Among those present were: The Misses Emily, Donna and Dottie Lamont, the Misses Elsie and Lily Clarke, Miss Dent, Miss Ward, Miss Westlake, the Misses Graham, and Messrs. White, O. White, Charlesworth, Rolph, Lamont, Brown, Stringer, Lee and others.

*

Mrs. George Harris of Eldon House, London, gave a most enjoyable dance on Monday, December 28. The floral decorations were exceedingly artistic and beautiful. The spacious rooms all opening one into the other, the cosy corners, good music, pretty women and pretty dresses, and the gracious host and hostess, all combined to make the dance at Eldon House long to be remembered by those fortunate ones who were bidden. Among those invited were Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Hyman, Mrs. English, Mr. and Mrs. Smallman, Mr. and Mrs. George Gibbons, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Carling, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. H. Gates, Mr. and Mrs. Stirling, Mr. and Mrs. Macfee, Capt. and Mrs. Wadmore, Capt. and Mrs. Young, Mr. and Mrs. C. Hyman, Mrs. Worthington, Dr. and Mrs. Niven, Dr. and Mrs. Drake, Mr. and Mrs. Shanley, Mr. Pennington, Mr. Mannigault, Mr. McDonough, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Labatt, Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson and the Misses Hutchinson, Messrs. Carling, Street, Kibble, McLemont, Widder, Macbeth, Pemberton, Complin, Parke, Westcott, Gorden, Cronyn, Mr. and Mrs. T. Lomas, Mr. and Mrs. George Brown, Major Smith, Messrs. Cronyn, Kilgour, Gorden, Gillespie, Beck, Sheriff, W. Smith, Richardson, B. Hunt, Grayon, Stephenson, Reid, Becher, Marshall, Gunn, Macdonald, Blinn, Lightbourne, Pratt, Todd, Osbourne, Meredith, Elliot, Cox, Drs. Weild and Wilson. Among the dresses that I particularly noticed were Mrs. Herbert Gates, white silk trimmed with bands of sable; Mrs. Geo. Gibbons, pink silk with jewelled trimming; Miss Edge, a red silk and net; Mrs. Macfie, white silk trimmed with white and gold; Miss Harris was becomingly dressed in pink silk and white chiffon; Miss Minnie Labatt, pink brocaded silk and feathers; Miss Blanche Widder of Goderich, pink bengaline; Miss Macbeth's dress of brown velvet and blue silk was greatly admired; Miss Kathleen Hutchinson, white silk trimmed with gold jewelled passementrie; Miss Livingston's, pale blue silk was very becoming, as also was Miss Ethel Hutchinson's bright red silk with jet trimmings, and another very effective dress was Miss I. Parke's white *mousseline de soie*. The bright uniforms of the cadets from the Military College, Kingston, gave variety to the more sombre evening dress of the gentlemen. Dancing was kept up with animation until three o'clock, when the merry party broke up, each and all with happy recollections of the last party of 1891.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Percival T. Greene have taken up house at 142 Avenue road.

*

One of the most charming women who has

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

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O'Beese—Helping my dad.
Rayaredge—What was he doing?
O'Beese—Nothing.

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In Evening Hours.

BEAUTIFUL little opera hood was shown me today by one of our leading *modistes*. It is a sort of idealized and enlarged sweeping cap, of pearl gray corduroy lined and frilled with pink plaid silk and goes with a mantle of the same material and lining. The model is in the latest Paris fashion, and the effect of the full knife pleatings round the youthful face is piquant to a degree. The same *modiste* is making such another hood for a society dame, of pale pink bengaline brocaded in velvet, and lined with soft pink surah. The frills, which are knife pleated full and surround the face, will show well against the dark hair and eyes of the lady who is to wear them. These cunning hoods are quickly slipped back, don't interfere with the highest collar of the opera cloak, and may be worn on or taken off the cloak as the owner wishes, on entering the theater.

*

The "high," the "low," and the classic coiffure are all worn, but the very newest and most satisfactory of coiffures is the "figure 8," arranged with the upper part of the eight on the crown of the head, and the lower part forming a ring of coiled hair or a braided circlet at the back. This arrangement is dressy and pretty for the evening, and is also very convenient with the present style of low crowned flat hats and bonnets. The bang is, as usual, modified to suit the features, the pointed Russian bang having the preference in the majority of cases.

*

With the hair arranged as described, a profusion of beautiful jeweled pins may be worn; or, if preferred, it may be simply pinned fast with round-headed tortoise-shell pins. One advantage of this style is that it can be arranged with additional hair, if one has not a sufficiency of the genuine article on hand,—or rather on the head. This, however, will militate against it with those who like to display the beauties of a fine, natural *chevelure*, and these will doubtless adhere to the Psyche knot or the close plaited emigrant braids, so effective and neat under a wide brimmed hat.

*

For special dressy occasions, another popular style is a modification of the Spanish coiffure, with high rolled puffs or looped coils of loosely twisted hair on the crown, and an ornament stuck in at the left. It is whispered that we are about to return to the long, flowing, curled coiffure of thirty years since. Such an arrangement would naturally be only for dressy occasions, and then not when there was dancing, for our modern society girls value neatness above all things, and like to be all "taut and trim," even after a turn in the ball-room.

*

The toilets and ball dresses for evening wear are exceptionally showy this season. Flowers are used in profusion as a decoration, and are put on in garlands and festoons. Such garnitures are put on dresses of *crepe de Chine*, *crepon* drapery nets made up over silk, *chiffon*, and similar materials. The *fin-de-siecle*, or bell-gored skirt, with short basque, is the prevailing style for light fabrics such as the above, while for the heavier figured silks and satins, the princess style is preferred.

*

Delicate colored satins embroidered in gold and silver are selected for evening gowns, and these are made in Medicean styles, with long trains, clinging skirts, high sleeves, and high flaring collars. Pale colored ostrich feather bands to match are used, and sometimes flounces and vest draperies of *crepe de China*. When such flounces are used, they are set on with bands of jeweled *cabuchons* in the color of the gown.

*

Besides the embroidered satins, satin brocades in ivory-white, pearl, yellow, rose, or ciel-blue are made up in elegant princess gowns, with trimmings of lace, feathers, fur, jeweled bands, or embroidered *chiffon*, sometimes with all these. Pendent jeweled fringes, scintillating brilliantly by gas-light, add much to the showy effect of a satin evening gown. For dinner dresses, rich shades of brocaded satins trimmed with black lace are elegant for dressy matrons, and are often set off with soft vests of *chiffon* in white or a richly contrasting color. Black brocades are richly trimmed with jet, and one of the most striking of dinner toilets has a trimming of jet passementerie around the foot of the *fin-de-siecle* trained skirt, inserted between the two bands of black ostrich feathers, one at the edge of the skirt, and the other at the top of the passementerie, forming in all a garniture about five inches in depth. The short waist with Marie Antoinette sleeves has an open front with a full vest of orange *chiffon*.

*

Blue is a favorite choice for evening and dinner wear, and ranges in shade from the soft turquoise tints to rich corn flower and royal blues, the latter usually combined with black lace or embroidered black *chiffon*. All white dancing dresses are usually of some light material, such as *crepe*, *crepon* or *chiffon*, and frequently with a wide sash-belt of watered silk ribbon forming a pointed Swiss bodice effect, and having ends falling to the foot of the skirt at the back. Such dresses for young girls can be made very effective by the addition of natural flowers in the corsage and hair. Corsage wreaths of artificial flowers are also used effectively, and if the waist is cut out roundish, the result is usually very becoming, especially when fine flowers, such as forget-me-nots, lilies of the valley, heath or violets, are used.

LA MODE.

A Home Thrust.

A humorous editor received a cruel rebuke from his wife not long since. She had been to the theater, and gave such a very amusing account of the performance that her literary husband exclaimed:

"Why don't you write that out just as you have told it to me? It would make first-class copy. You ought to write for the paper."

"No, I thank you. One crank in the family is enough," was the cutting reply.

A Story of a Boy and a Dog.

BY E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

SOMEONE was reading aloud from a newspaper to several young men who puffed away at their cigarettes and regarded with vacant eyes the handsome ceiling of the club room. Through the open windows drifted late spring airs, bearing up from the street below the squawking sounds of an old violin—a most discordant interruption of the full pleasing voice of the reader. The youth lolling nearest the window bore placidly this torment for two minutes, then sprang to his feet, leaned half way across the sill and snarled, "If you don't stop that rumpus down there I'll come and make you."

The man with the violin raised his face, touched his cap apologetically and turned away, followed by a small dilapidated boy and a shaggy mongrel dog.

"Oh! I say, you know," called he at the window, "I'm deuced sorry I spoke so. I didn't know you were blind; here," and he flipped a ten cent piece from his fingers, returned to his easy chair and said, "Excuse the interruption, old man—go on." But he did not seem to hear the conclusion of the reading, and when they all left the club, he stood for a moment at the door step looking up and down the street.

"What's the matter, Gerrard?" sa'd his chum; "you seem wool gathering."

"Oh! nixie," he replied carelessly, "I was wishing I'd given that blind duffer a quarter. I might just as well have, he looked down on his luck."

"An' what did the gem'man look like, Teddy?" the "blind duffer" was saying.

"Oh! kinder nice; he'd yeller lookin' hair, curly like, an' a dood collar."

"He'd a nice voice when he said he was sorry, he'd a nice voice anyhow. I'd sooner be scolded by him than be giv' to by some, an' he giv' us the first sliver we's had to day."

"I say, say, capt'n, will you take us back to town? We missed the train."

"Yes, boys, I'll take you, if you don't mind a lot of ragged, dirty Fresh Air Fund youngsters aboard. I've got about a hundred of them here."

"We don't care for them if you'll only give us the sail," said Gerrard, as he and two companions, garmented like himself in tennis flannels and bright-striped blazers, made a rush for the gangway and sprang on board.

"Jove! these flannels will be chilly outside. Are you going straight home, captain?" asked one of the young men.

"No, sir; sorry, sir; it's the last trip of the season for these little fellows, and the ladies have asked me to run out in the ocean a bit, but we'll be in on time, for we've started earlier on that account."

"Oh! all right, no hurry; we will get some sport out of the small fry. Perhaps they'll take us for curates," and with a light laugh Gerrard went on deck.

Dozens of urchins were scampering about, drinking in great draughts of sea air, their eyes alight with the first sparkle of joyousness that they had felt, perhaps since their birth. Some sweet-faced women were handing bread and butter, milk, currant cake and a little fruit about, assisted by a few fashionably dressed young ladies, and an elderly jovial clergyman, who would teasingly pretend that he was going to keep all the cake for himself, just to see the horror in the wide hungry eyes of those poor children from the slums, whose thin little lips had never known what it was to close over anything but a crust.

Teddy was there. He saw Gerrard the instant he came on board.

"Say, mister," he said, edging up to the young man shyly. "Whare's yer dood collar?"

"Why, little chap, did you ever see me in anything so monstrous as a 'dude' collar?" asked the young man laughingly.

"Yesser, the day yer throwed dad tin cints outer the winder o' the big red brick house."

Gerrard looked puzzled.

"Dad, yer know that had the fiddle."

"Was he blind?"

"Yesser."

"Oh! I remember, and where is he, and his fiddle?"

"He's dead, sir; an' the fiddle went to pay the rint."

"I'm very sorry."

"There's jist me an' Rover now an' we lodge down to Mrs. McCarthy's garret. Dad says to me when he was dyin': 'Ted,' says he, 'I've nothin' to leave to yer, jist Rover, fer the fiddle 'll have to go to pay the rint, but yer jist hang onter the dog. He's the bes' dog livin' an' jist remem'er like sometimes that I loved you'n Rover better'n anythin' in the worl'."

At that moment a burly head with an ill-tempered face was thrust out of the wheel house a step above them. "Say, you beats down there, who ever owns this here brute of a dog had better keep him out o' here or I'll throw the blarmed beast overboard."

Teddy sprang forward. "He's mine yer sassy, an' you'd better leave him alone," he said.

"Shut you mouth now, young 'un, or I'll pitch him over, he's no business on board anyhow."

"The leddies sed I might bring him," Teddy replied with an offended air.

"Well no ladies are a' runnin' of this boat, I'll jist till you that now," said the uncouth owner of the burly head, as Rover sneaked down the steps with a doglike consciousness of wrong-doing.

"You must keep him out my boy" rejoined Gerrard, "or the sailors might kick him, and you would not like that."

"There's more'n them that can kick," the child said with a little determined look, that Gerrard liked—but laughed at.

The sea was calm as the sky above it, and from two miles out, the children watched the sun getting ready to set behind the blue line of shore. Gerrard was lounging about smoking cigarettes with one of his companions and feeling a certain depression whenever he looked into the wistful, starved faces of the youngsters, who however were enjoying wildly the goods the gods gave them to-day, when his ear caught the sound of a scuffle, a dog's yelp, and the next instant something splashed into the ocean—and then the wailing cry of a child. Gerrard hurried to the wheelhouse. "What's the matter?" he demanded.

"It's that confounded dog. I told the kid I'd throw it overboard if he didn't keep it out o' this," snapped burly head.

"Oh! mister, he's throw'd him overboard, he's throw'd him overboard," choked a little voice at his elbow.

Gerrard said one word, a very bad word, the next moment he had snatched off his blazer and shoes, leapt over the rail, and there was a second splash.

"It was manged foolish of you—hanged foolish," said Gerrard's friend when they brought him, with the dog, dripping, on board again.

"It was beastly foolish and you in such a heat from tennis; you'll get a chill sure as a gun."

"I've got it now," chattered Gerrard, laughing and sputtering the salt water through his teeth. "By Jove, boys, it won't harm that dog to have a bath, though I don't believe he ever had one before."

The animal in question was rolling about on deck, snorting and shaking, much to the amusement of the children, and to Teddy's especial delight. Some of the ladies had come forward quickly to see what they could do for Gerrard, but he only laughed at everything their kindness suggested, and took himself down below, where the captain gave him a mysterious drink "just to keep away the chance of a chill, you know, sir."

As he was looking for a cab on the wharf, Teddy ran up to him. "Good-bye, Mister," said the child, "an' thank yer for——"

"Ah! never mind that, little man—that's all right. I rather enjoyed the plunge. Here's some change; I won't give you a big price—people might say you stole it."

. . . . . .

"That's him," said Teddy, watching a fashionably dressed young man coming out of the theater door. "That's him, that's his dood collar, an' them's his yeller curls. But, oh! golly! what a cough he's got. I believe he's agoin' to be awful sick. I'm goin' to foller him and see whar he lives."

"My! what a big house," exclaimed the boy, as Gerrard entered a palatial residence in a fashionable locality; "he mus' be awful rich. Here, Rove, now don't you be jumpin' arter him, or he'll think we want money, an' he's gw us enough already, but if we ever have to starve we'll know whar' to come."

For many days Ted and his dog would go 'round in the morning to watch Gerrard come out at the large carved door and walk down the opposite side of the street, but one morning they waited in vain for him to make his appearance.

Day after day for two weeks they haunted the locality, but never a sight of the "dood gem'man" did they get. At last the child could bear it no longer, and boldly marching up the great steps with Rover in his rear, he pounded on the door with his dirty little fist.

It was opened by a very grave-faced affair in livery. "Why can't you press the button?" he was asked.

"I don't know nothin' what yer mean," said Ted. "Be you's a play actor?"

"No," he was told sedately. "What do you want?"

"I want to know if the young gem'man with the yeller curls is sick!"

"Yes, he's sick; very sick."

"Is it a cough like?"

"Yes, it's pneumonia."

"Has he had a cough like all fall?"

"Yes, but it's worse now."

"I say, mister, he ain't agoin' to die, is he?"

"I'm afraid so." And the man's lip trembled almost as much as the boy's.

The little fellow turned away saying, "Thank yer, sir, I'll come agin."

"You mustn't be a bother now. They're in great trouble here," said the footman, "but you seem rather fond of the young master."

"Yesser, I am, sir, and it's my fault he's sick."

Christmas was coming, but never once did Teddy go up town to see the pretty shop windows. He and Rover sat and shivered and starved day in and day out across the street from the Gerrard mansion.

At night he would crawl away to his garret down in the slums; in the morning he would be at his post watching with greedy eyes for the doctor's carriage, and once he essayed to arrest that worthy on the doorstep.

"Is he agoin' to die?" he asked.

"I'm afraid so, Johnnie," was the reply, as the doctor, too anxious and absent to notice the youngster, stepped into his carriage and was off.

. . . . . .

Teddy was sick. Christmas morning he was unable to get up off the old ragged quilt that he and Rover slept upon together. The child was half-starved, half-clad, and his long vigils had been too much for him, he had contracted a violent cold, and to-day his cheeks burned bright with fever. The ladies of the Fresh Air Fund had sent him a Christmas present—two sugar top buns, an orange, a slice of cake and five chrysanthemums.

"I know what I'll do, I'll git up if it kills me, an' take em all over to him. I've hearn' Mrs. McCarthy say that when one's awful sick a bit sent in from a neighbor's tastes twice as good as yer own—maybe he'll eat some, leastways he'll smell them flowers. Golly! but them's good. I wish I could keep 'em myself."

He then gave the dog one of the buns, which the poor creature swallowed whole. Then an afternoon came on he crawled downstairs, with his dog and his dainties.

At the Gerrard's door stood the doctor's carriage, and for an entire half-hour Teddy sat on the cold stone steps awaiting his reappearance. When he did come bustling out he was followed immediately by an elderly lady with sweet tear-stained eyes, and curling yellow hair dashed with gray.

"Tell me doctor—please tell me," she said, "will Harry live? Is there the smallest hope?"

"My dear Mrs. Gerrard," the doctor replied smiling, shaking her hand, "it's the best Christmas present I could offer you all. Harry will live, and I should not wonder if I had him downstairs for his New Year's dinner."

"O! misses," interrupted Teddy, holding up the brown paper bag which contained his treasures. "Will yer giv' him these, an' tell him they're from me? Me, Ted, an' Rover. I bet he'll like 'em—an' tell him I'm glad he's goin' ter live!"

The lady took the bag and smiled sadly, it was the first smile she had worn for weeks. She was too happy to ask the boy questions, but in a day or two she told Gerrard the circumstances, forgetting all about the dog, and showed him the cakes and flowers.

"Poor little chap," said the young man weakly. "I wonder who he could have been—likely some youngster I've bought a newspaper of. I'll bet he wanted them himself—Lord! I couldn't eat that stuff, could I mother? But he'll never know."

No, Teddy will never know. For the arm that hugged the sleeping dog grew cold and heavy during the night, and the faithful animal awakened in the morning with a plaintive whine, and with pricked up ears sat gazing with almost human eyes into a poor little shrivelled face that was quite lifeless.

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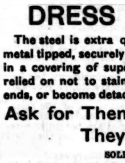

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CONSTANCE.

By F. C. PHILIPS,

Author of "The Dean and His Daughter," "As in a Looking Glass," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER X.

Constance had rarely seen so lovely a woman as her sister-in-law. It seemed very absurd to call her a woman; she was nothing more than a beautiful child with soft dark hair, cut across her brow in a quaint old-fashioned style that suited her to perfection, and two delicious complex keeping guard over her rosy mouth. When Mrs. Armitage saw her first she was dressed in a loose white woollen, girdled at the waist with a broad gold belt; and fastened on each shoulder with a clasp of the same, leaving the white, soft, rounded arms bare. Then, too, she was such a tiny little body, scarcely reaching to Constance's shoulder, and being compelled to raise herself on tiptoe to embrace and bid her welcome.

"Well, Daphne, she is here quite safely you see," said Gerald with a smile. "Mr. Armitage had met his sister-in law at the station and escorted her to the Faubourg St. Germain himself. "My wife has been imagining all sorts of horrors," he added, turning to Constance. "She was certain that there would be a storm in the Channel or that the train would run off the line."

"What a shame!" cried Daphne. "I never imagined anything so foolish; all I said was that I should be frightened to travel alone."

"Well, curiously enough, this is my first experience," said Mrs. Armitage, "but I have not met with a single misadventure, and the journey has been a remarkably pleasant one, for I am not fond of travelling."

And then Daphne carried off her visitor to the pretty guest chamber, where everything was the perfection of daintiness and comfort.

"Do you think you will manage to like me?" she asked gravely, as she shut the door and looked up wistfully in Constance's face.

Mrs. Armitage was not an emotional woman as a rule, but something moved her to draw the little figure into her arms and kiss the upturned childish face warmly. And so began a friendship that was to be very precious to them both.

But before many days had passed Constance's eyes were opened to the extreme willfulness of her little sister in-law. It must be confessed that Daphne's character was by no means as perfect as her face and figure. Like the majority of her sex her temper was very variable, and when she was annoyed she lost all control over herself. Then too, she was vain and greedy for admiration; and warm-hearted, loving and affectionate as the little lady undoubtedly was, Constance doubted for the peace of mind of Daphne's husband.

Gerald himself broached the subject as he and his sister-in law strolled leisurely through the Tuileries Gardens. "Well," said he, "I am waiting for your congratulations or condolences on my marriage. My friends have not spared me, I can promise you. The male kind have congratulated me, but the ladies—" he shrugged his shoulders, and broke off impatiently.

"The women pa-doned all except her face," quoted Constance softly.

"Her beauty is undeniable. Tell me just what you think, Constance. I would rather have your honest opinion than that of anyone I know."

"I think," said she, slowly and thoughtfully, "that there must be an immense deal of tact and discretion on your part if you are to be happy together."

"You are right," said Mr. Armitage, with a sigh; "it was only the other day that I heard myself described as the happiest man, and spoiled baby—yet I am the happiest man in the world."

Instinct seldom plays a woman false. Would it, could it last? reflected Constance. They were such heedless little hands to hold a man's happiness, and yet this man had surrendered his whole life into their keeping, without a single misgiving, showering upon her rich treasures of his love upon his child wife, withholding nothing, giving of his best right royally. So few of us either understand or practice economy of the affections.

But it was a narrow, selfish little soul which Constance strove to gauge, unknowing that of aspirations the devotion of the man she called husband. Daphne's own interests and pursuits were ever uppermost—the caprice of the moment to be gratified at any cost, and the world bordered by purely sensuous glorification of her small self. But it might well be that there were depths unsounded, unreached, beneath the surface worthlessness, and that something noble and beautiful would yet blossom from amid the weed-and leaves.

Constance had been in Paris four days when a letter was brought to her one morning, and a faint color tinged her face when she opened it.

"With your permission, my dear Daphne," she said, "I shall have a visitor this afternoon. Mr. St. Quentin, a very old friend of mine, is coming to call on me."

"Old!" said Daphne, puckering up her face. "Oh, dear! they are always old, perfect antediluvians, all Gerald's friends."

"He is not old in that sense of the term," answered Constance. "He is about my age, or a year or two my senior—I am not quite sure."

"And is he handsome? Do say that he is handsome."

"Yes, you will think so, I dare say."

"Then I am happy." Daphne lay back in her chair and clasped her plump hands behind her head. "Young and handsome—it will be my first experience of the article since I married."

A cloud rose to Mr. Armitage's face. In his opinion jesting such as this was unseemly.

"I should imagine that Constance will prefer to receive her visitor alone," he remarked pointedly; but his sister-in-law vehemently negatived any such idea.

"Certainly not," said she. "We have no secrets to discuss I can assure you."

Mr. St. Quentin was unfeignedly pleased to meet Mrs. Armitage again, but he thought her looking pale and thin.

"The life in London does not suit you, I am afraid," he said anxiously. But Constance shook her head and declared that she was in perfect health.

"Why, I have seen you before," cried Daphne, when presented to the visitor, with a delicious blush creeping over her pretty face, "but I cannot recollect where. I think it was—and then she ran to a full vase and looked up beseechingly into the dark eyes fixed upon her.

"It was at Galignani's, mademoiselle," he answered. "You were with your father, I believe."

Daphne broke into a ringing laugh. "I am madame," she cried merrily, "and the gentleman you refer to was my husband."

"I beg a thousand pardons."

It was certainly somewhat of a surprise to Mr. St. Quentin to find that the young lady who, while her companion was engaged in turning over some new books at Galignani's, had amused herself by returning admiring glances, should prove to be Mrs. Armitage's sister-in law. But lovely and fascinating though Daphne undoubtedly was, Basil was a good deal disappointed to find that he was not to see Constance for five minutes alone. It never entered Daphne's giddy little pate to imagine that she might be in the way, and Constance, too, perhaps refrained from touching on certain subjects she might have discussed had it not been for her sister-in-law's presence.

"We shall meet again soon, I hope," he said, as he rose at length to take his leave.

"Oh, yes," cried Daphne, "come as often as you like and stay as long as ever you can. We are horribly dull sometimes." And the moment the door had closed upon the young man she turned to Constance and said triumphantly, "Gerald cannot possibly object, you see, because he is your friend. I am sure he would not be inhospitable and surly. That is his great fault you know," she added, lowering her voice, "he is jealous! isn't it ridiculous? I am sure he might go out every night of his life if he wanted to. I should not care to scrap so long, of course, as I was permitted to enjoy myself. I think it is stupid to see so much of one another; don't you? I do so long for a little variety sometimes."

She looked so sweet and lovable as she trifled out her little heresies, that genuinely shocked though Constance was, she felt tongue tied. One might with as much show of reason have argued with a baby. Daphne had not the faintest conception that she was saying anything she ought not to have said.

A few days later Basil St. Quentin was invited to dine with the Armitages, and spent a very pleasant evening. Daphne was bubbling over with life and spirits. She was quite irrepressible, and although Mr. Armitage kept a disapproving eye upon her, yet in blissful ignorance of anything amiss, she chattered, laughed and looked her brightest and loveliest.

"What a butterfly she is," whispered St. Quentin to his old friend. "A beautiful woman without a soul."

Constance looked at him quickly. He, at least, had not fallen a victim to the blandishments of the siren. And she was glad of it, though she could hardly have explained the feeling of uneasiness that had taken possession of her since the two had recognized each other.

"She is wonderfully warm-hearted," she replied, taking up the cudgels. "I have become very much attached to her. She is such a child that one cannot expect a great amount of sense and decorum. She is barely eighteen, and has lived a life of the most perfect seclusion in the house of her guardian, Mr. Benbow, a wealthy tea-planter in Ceylon, where my brother-in-law met her, and fell in love with her."

"It strikes me that he will find her a handful," said St. Quentin indifferently, but the next moment he bent forward and in an altered tone added, "I have so much to talk about, and so much to ask, and so much to listen to. Am I never going to get you to myself?"

"It may be a little difficult but perhaps it may be managed," she answered. My sister-in-law is going to spend next Tuesday with some friends at Neuilly—and if you like to call then—"

"I will. Thank you so much."

Constance felt like a conspirator and pushed her chair further back, nor did they speak again until Daphne sprang up from the music stool. "There," she cried naively, "I have not made a single mistake from beginning to end. I really think I ought to be praised, and my head aches terribly. You see you can't give the proper amount of expression unless you thump the notes well."

After their guest was gone and husband and wife were alone, Daphne drew a low stool to Gerald's side and nestled her dark head against his shoulder.

"It is nice to have visitors sometimes," she said in a cooing tone; "now confess that it is."

"Perhaps you are right, but I, for my own part, am very well content with you my darling."

"We have been married ten months, and it is high time that we remembered the world holds someone else but ourselves."

"And shall we be happier for the knowledge?"

"I shall," answered promptly.

"My sweet child, I fear sometimes that I am too old and grave for you," he said earnestly.

"But with all my heart I love you and wish only for your happiness."

She made him no reply, but she rubbed her soft cheek up and down his arm in a pretty, kittenish way.

Daphne hated sentiment. She was a practical little woman in many things, and what she had not objected to in her maidenhood was all was new and strange and wonderful, now appeared to her absurd and unnecessary.

"You tickle Mr. St. Quentin, dear?" she asked.

"Oh yes, I like him well enough."

But it was not of his sister-in-law's friend that he wanted to converse, and he turned away with the unsatisfied feeling he so often experienced, when Daphne gathered up the train of the cream-colored gown she wore, and laughingly declared she would get no beauty sleep if she did not hurry off to bed at once.

"If my roses fade, there won't be much left worth having," said she.

And very possibly Daphne was right.

CHAPTER XI.

Constance kept her word and had a quiet hour's chat with St. Quentin during the following week. Daphne had taken her coquettish little self away, all unconscious of the small conspiracy against her. At the young man's suggestion Constance instructed the maid that as her mistress was not at home she herself would not be visible to anybody, and this secured peace and privacy.

"And now tell me everything," said St. Quentin, feasting his eyes on the sweet face of his companion, when at last they found themselves alone.

And Mrs. Armitage did tell everything without reservation.

St. Quentin's brow darkened as he listened. "I utterly mistrust Lord Hardstock," he said curtly. "I implore you to be careful not to get into his power."

"It is only fair to say that he has behaved very generously to me," replied Constance, "and indeed he would have done still more for me if I would have permitted it."

"My dear Mrs. Armitage, as a woman of the world, you must know that there can be but one interpretation to be put upon his actions. You either like him well enough to take what he offers, or—"

And breaking off abruptly he quitted her side and strolled over to the window, where he stood looking out for several minutes. When he turned round and in quite an altered tone started a fresh subject, nor did he return to Lord Hardstock, for which Constance was profoundly grateful. "What with Rebecca on one side and Mr. St. Quentin on the other it seems that I am never to be left in peace. It is really too bad," said the poor lady to herself.

But looking back on that lengthened *tête a tête*, Mrs. Armitage was amazed at the amount of pleasure she had taken in it. She was always at her brightest and best when in St. Quentin's society, and more at ease with him than with anybody else. The truth was that she felt that he understood her and sympathized with her. A woman's instinct is rarely wrong, and in her heart of hearts Constance knew that Basil had drifted perilously near the narrow boundary that divides friendship from its tragic sister, love, and that it only needed a word from her to precipitate an avowal. Communing with her own soul, she told herself that this man was worthy of affection, and then she hid her face in her hands with a sigh.

"He ought to marry a young and innocent girl," she thought bitterly, "not a woman worn and saddened as I am—as I must ever be. It is but the dregs of life that I should give him in exchange for this loyalty. And after all, a woman who is a mother should never marry again." She felt inclined to chide herself for having even for a moment allowed the possibility to cross her mind.

But the question was not to be so lightly dismissed. And this time it was the heedless Daphne who broached the subject.

"What curious creatures men are," she cried. "Gerald declares that Mr. St. Quentin is violently in love with you. I am afraid my husband is a great donkey," she continued with a little air of self-consciousness that was eminently amusing. "Do you know, he has one eye; although after all it is perhaps better that he should think that you are the attraction that brings Mr. St. Quentin here so often."

"Then you do not think that I am?"

Daphne looked up in wonder into her sister-in-law's face.

"Why, no," said she, "of course not."

"You mean then that you are?"

This was plain speaking, and Daphne looked somewhat embarrassed.

"In that case you would be acting both wrongly and foolishly in inviting him here so often," said Constance gravely. "Merely to gratify your own love of admiration I am sure that you never could be so wicked as to ruin the peace of mind of one man by encouraging a hopeless passion, and what is of far more importance, wreck the whole life of another. I mean your husband. Forgive me, my dear little sister, if I who am so much older than yourself give you a word of warning and point out the obligations of a married life. Be true to your nobler and better self, rise above the trivialities and follies that are so dear to you now, for believe me the only real pleasure and happiness for anyone is to be content in doing her duty."

"Dear me—what a tirade," laughed the girl, mockingly. "What have I done to bring such a storm down on to my head?"

Constance was silent. And by and by Daphne's heart rebuked her, and she stole softly to her sister-in-law's side.

"Forgive me," she said humbly. "I am afraid I am very willful and perverse, but sometimes—" and then she hesitated and looked down—"sometimes I feel I ought never to have married. It is horribly wrong I know, but don't you think it is—a little disappointing? One expects so much and finds so little. It is like going to a grand concert or an oratorio—very nice at first but dreadfully fatiguing and monotonous at the finish. If only one need not always be on one's best behavior," she continued. "The devil gets into me often and whispers 'do something outrageous,' and then I long to shock everybody. Some day I shall succeed in doing so and then, Constance, can't you picture Gerald's face? Don't you know exactly how he would look, and the funny little proper expression that would come round the corners of his mouth? 'My dear Daphne, you forget that you are a married woman now,'" she said, mimicking Gerald's tone with an accuracy positively startling.

Constance sighed, and then she took the sweet child face between her hands and drew it down to hers.

"Don't you love your husband, Daphne?"

"Define love first," cried the girl, "and then I will answer your question as you like."

"Love is the second of two hearts that beat in unison, their thoughts and aspirations intermingled, the one divine thing in humanity—God-given, heaven-sent."

Daphne leaned both elbows on her sister-in-law's lap and with her dimpled chin resting on her hollow palms looked demurely up into Constance's face.

"And is that what you felt for Cyril?" she asked. "What a happy woman you must have been, Constance."

And whether she spoke mockingly from a wish to turn the tables on her mentor or purely in ignorance Mrs. Armitage could not determine.

"After all," said Daphne to herself that same evening, as she fastened a spray of roses at her slender throat, "I begin to suspect that Constance has a regard for Mr. St. Quentin, whatever he may have for her. I think I shall write her." The fact of knowing that her brother-in-law had discussed the point with his wife made Mrs. Armitage nervous and self-conscious and destroyed all the pleasure she would otherwise have felt in Mr. St. Quentin's society. And instinctively the young man became aware that she avoided him and he felt hurt and wondered. Constance was associated with the holiest and best part of his nature. She was one of the women by whom men are redeemed—who unconsciously raise them above the common herd. Not even to himself had he dared to say that he loved her. That she had been thoroughly unhappy in her married life with Armitage he could not but know, and there had been a mutual understanding between them begotten of common sympathies, similarity of tastes, and unity of opinion; but now the bond was strengthened. He told himself that it was a mere question of time, and that he could afford to wait. He never entered his head that his pretty little hostess could for a moment construe his attentions into anything approaching an attachment for herself. He would have laughed prodigiously at the notion.

It was natural to him to drop his voice with a caressing intonation when he spoke to a woman, and, like many other men, he had a trick of holding slim white fingers a second or two longer than occasion absolutely demanded. Another fault of his was that his dark, handsome eyes seemed to tell a tale that of a surety his lips would never have uttered. With a conscience guiltless of all wish to attract the empty-headed little butterfly, it never occurred to him that lookers-on might put a different interpretation upon his actions. But as the days passed by, and brought the young man constantly to the Faubourg St. Germain, Constance began to have an uneasy consciousness of trouble ahead, and to look forward with a sinking heart to his next visit. And the colder and more distant her manner became, the more he was thrown on Daphne's good nature and amiability, until at length Mr. Armitage had a word or two to say on the subject.

"What brings that young man here so often?" he one day asked his wife. Daphne turned upon him a surprised innocent look.

"Have you yourself told me that he wanted to marry Constance."

"Does she want to marry him? Because if not I don't care to have him everlastingly about the place."

"Upon my word your courtesy is only equalled by your hospitality," cried Daphne, much vexed; "Goodness knows I have had a dull enough life, without losing the only friend I have."

"Are you referring to Mr. St. Quentin?" asked her husband.

The extreme frigidity of his tone brought Daphne to her senses.

"I might as well be a nun at once," she cried with flashing eyes and crimson cheeks. "I believe you would like to keep me under lock and key."

"My dear little child, I should be quite capable of even that enormity if I saw good cause for it."

And after that Daphne said no more. Indeed, she felt herself entirely worsted. But Gerald Armitage had made the great mistake of his life in raising a feeling of fear in his wife's bosom. She was so young that if he had taught her to love him he might have done everything he liked with her, but when he began to threaten, he roused a feeling of rebellion within her that was very hard to allay and thus turned a dangerous weapon against himself.

(To be Continued.)

Their First Spat

They had been married three weeks, and had just gone into housekeeping. He was starting for the city one morning, and she followed him to the door. They had their arms wrapped round each other and she was saying:

"O Clarence, do you think it possible that the day will ever come when we will part in anger?"

"Why, no, little puss," he said; "of course not. What put that foolish idea into my little birdie's head, eh?"

"Oh, nothing, dearest. I was only thinking how dreadful it would be if one of us should speak harshly to the other."

"Well, don't think of such wicked, utterly impossible things any more," he said. "We can never, never quarrel."

"I know it, darling. Good-bye, you dear old precious, good-bye, and—oh! wait a second, Clarence, I have written a note to mamma. Can't you run down to the house and leave it for her some time to day?"

"Why, yes, dearie, if I have time."

"If you have time! O Clarence!"

"What is it, little girlie?"

"Oh, to say if you 'have time' to do almost the first errand your little wife asks you to do."

"Well, well, sissy, I'm awfully busy just now."

"Too busy to please me? O Clarence, you hurt my feelings so."

"Why, child, I—"

"I'm not a child—I'm a married woman, and I—"

"There, there, my pet, I—"

"No, no, Clarence, if I was your p—p—pet you'd t—t—ry to—to—"

"But, Maiel, do be reasonable."

"O, Clarence, don't speak to me so."

"Mabel, be sensible, and—"

"Go on, Clarence, go on; break my heart."

"Stuff and nonsense."

"Oh, o—o—oh!"

"What have I said or done?"

"As if you need to ask! But go—hate me if you will, Clarence, I—"

"This is rank nonsense!"

"I'll go back to mamma if you want me to. She loves me if you don't."

"You must be crazy!"

"Oh, you cruel man, ridicule me, break my poor heart. Perhaps you had better strike me!"

He bangs the door, goes down the steps on the jump, and faces off, muttering something about women being the "queerest creatures."

Of course they'll make it up when he comes home, and they'll have many such a little tiff ere they come, and when they are old they'll say:

"We've lived together forty-five years and never, no never, spoke a cross word to each other in all that time."

A Rush

Thug—I say, is it true this here electrocution is painless?

Fri-on Warden—Yes, but you'll have to come early to avoid the rush.

A Feminine Search.

Bibbs—How do do, Bob? Where's Sis? Bob (Sis's husband)—Gone shopping.

"What did she want?"

"Nothing."

"Then why did she go shopping?"

"To see if she could find anything that would make her want something."

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FOR THE TEETH & BREATH
TEABERRY

Dog Trouble.

When I was a little girl (said Aunt Alice, as the children gathered around her for their usual good night story), I had some little books out of which my mother used to read me stories. There were twelve books in the set, I think, and there was a story in each book.

They were delightful stories, I thought, and since I have grown up I have often tried to buy those books for you. But never in any bookstore could I find them.

So I am going to tell you the stories as I remember them, which will probably not be the exact way they were read to me.

This one is about a dog and a boy.

The boy's name was Henry and he was a dear little fellow about ten years old.

Henry had a sister Evelyn, who was two years older than he and who gave Henry a great deal of advice at odd times that he did not like.

Evelyn thought herself older and wiser than Henry and consequently fitted to superintend his goings and comings.

One morning they were trudging along to school, when at the corner Evelyn saw Tom Leroy approaching.

"There comes that horrid Tom Leroy," she said. "I wish you would not speak to him, Henry. He's not a nice boy for you to play with."

Now Henry didn't like Tom Leroy any better than Evelyn did, but it annoyed him to have her criticise any of the boys in that way. What do girls know about boys, anyhow!

So when Tom came up, he said very cordially: "Hello, Tom. Going to school?"

"Yep," said Tom, "I'll go along with you. Good morning, Eve."

Evelyn looked at him, gave her head a little toss and walked on without saying a word.

Tom fell back with Henry, and as they went along he said, "How would you like a dog, Henry?"

Henry's face flushed with delight, then it fell. "I'd like it first rate but I'm 'fraid father wouldn't like me to have one."

"Pooh!" said Tom. "Why not?"

"Well, I heard him say not long ago that he wouldn't have a dog on the place, because they kill sheep and do so much mischief."

"Pshaw! A little one wouldn't."

"But he wouldn't like it any way, I know," said Henry.

"Well, you needn't tell him," replied Tom.

"Why, how could I have a dog without his knowing it?" asked Henry, opening his eyes very wide.

"Easy enough. Now I'll tell you, I've got a little dog that I want to sell. If you want him we can make a bargain I know.

"You can keep him shut up in the barn for a while. A fellow I know did that once and one night burglars came to the house and would have stolen everything if it hadn't been for this dog which barked and woke the folks up.

"And when the boy's father found out about it he was so glad that he let him keep the dog and bought a collar for him. Maybe your dog will do that."

Just then the bell rang and Henry had no time to reply.

During prayers he peeped over at Tom who was drawing something on his slate.

When prayers were over he slipped the slate over on Henry's desk and on it was the picture of a dog and below was printed:

HIS NAME IS SPOT.

At noon Tom said: "Come over to my house and see the dog."

Henry went, although he felt that he was doing wrong.

Curled up in the hay was a little black dog with a smooth coat and bright black eyes.

When Henry spoke to him he crawled out of his little nest and licked Henry's hands.

Henry felt now that he could never give this little dog up.

Long and earnest were the councils he and Tom held in the hay mow.

"But maybe if I ask my father he will let me have him," said Henry.

"Don't you be a goose," urged Tom. "If he said he wouldn't then you couldn't fix it any way. You just listen to me and I'll manage it."

So Henry listened, and the consequence was that his new top and his jacknife and the silver dollar in his bank went into Tom's pocket, and in exchange Spot belonged to Henry.

After dusk that night the two boys stole into Henry's father's carriage house with Spot in a basket. Then they made him a snug little bed out of sight in one corner and left him some bones which Henry had stolen from the kitchen.

But Henry had very bad dreams that night. He had disobeyed his father and he did not feel right about it.

Next day was Saturday, and when Henry came down to the breakfast table with flushed cheeks and heavy eyes grandma said: "Harry did not sleep well, I guess. He does not look like himself."

Henry flushed redder than ever and had nothing to say.

What a dreadful day that Saturday was!

After breakfast Evelyn said: "Henry, will you spin your new top to amuse baby while I clear the table?"

Henry did not reply, but ran down the steps into the garden.

"Why, what ails Henry?" said Evelyn. "He always likes to play with baby."

That afternoon mamma was training the vines on the porch and she said: "Henry, will you lend me your knife to cut this string?"

Henry mumbled something about not having it.

"I hope you have not lost it," said mamma, "because it is such a nice one, and father, too, Aunt Kate sent it to you."

Just then cook came out to speak to mamma.

"If you please, mum," she said, "somebody's stole the bone I had to make soup."

"Stolen it! Are you quite sure, Mary? Who would want that?"

Henry waited to hear no more. He had stolen that bone for Spot's dinner.

But the worst of all came that night when they were sitting on the porch in the moonlight.

It was very quiet, when suddenly there came the howl of a dog breaking the stillness.

"What's that?" said papa.

"It's a dog howling," said mamma.

"It sounds as if 'twas in our barn," said Evelyn.

Again came that mournful sound.

Henry felt as if he would die.

"I'm going to see," said papa. "Come, Henry, and hold the lantern."

Mamma and Evelyn followed, too, and so they went down to the barn.

As papa opened the carriage house door a little black dog ran to meet him.

"Hello! what's this?" said papa. "somebody's dog shut up in here! Well, we'll let him go."

"No, no, papa," exclaimed Henry, bursting into tears. "Don't do that. It's my own little dog. Don't send him away, please."

"What's this, my son? Tell me all about it," said papa gravely.

And then Tom told the whole story.

"How much did you give for him?"

"My top and knife and silver dollar," said Henry.

"And that's why you couldn't spin your top for baby," exclaimed Evelyn.

"And that's why you couldn't lend me your knife," said mamma.

"Well, never mind," said papa, "but why did you not ask me for the dog?"

"Because I thought you wouldn't let me have it," sobbed Henry, "and Tom said maybe if burglars would come and Spot would save the house by barking then you would like him."

Papa laughed. "Well, you may keep your dog," he said, "but you have lost your top and knife. Tom cheated you. If you had told me you wanted a dog so much I would have bought it for you. However, you have learned a lesson, my son, that may do you good."

"And now let us find the little doggie something to eat," said mamma. "I think he is hungry."

"Let us name him over first," said Evelyn. "Spot is not a nice name, and besides that's what Tom Leroy named him."

"Call him Trouble," said papa, "for he has been Henry's first trouble in this world."

So Trouble he was called, but instead of being a trouble he became a comfort and pleasure to every one in the house.

And that, said Aunt Alice, is the story of Henry and his dog Trouble, as I remember it.—*New York Recorder.*

Melissa Garments for Ladies.

The Melissa Manufacturing Co. have received many letters from all parts of the Dominion, asking if they intend manufacturing MELISSA CLOAKS for LADIES, or if Melissa Cloth can be procured for that purpose.

In answer to these inquiries, they desire to say that, although not ready to manufacture Ladies' Garments, they have decided to sell the Melissa Goods by the piece and are now preparing a choice range of patterns, which will be offered to the trade in January, 1892.

Melissa Cloth is admirably adapted for women's wear, as it can be made in any weight desired, and in an infinite variety of patterns and shades. Women will no longer have to put up with the disagreeable odors, discomfort and danger of wearing the old, air-tight, rubber waterproof.

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New Year's Day in the Past.

Among the early Romans January 1 was appointed as the day on which the magistrates took their oath of office. The citizens wished each other good fortune and sent presents to their friends and relatives. The origin of this latter custom is ascribed to Romulus, the reputed founder of Rome, while other authorities claim that the honor belongs to Tatius, King of Curas—a Sabine town—who shared the royal authority with Romulus.

Usually these presents consisted of figs and dates covered with gold. They were despatched to the donees, accompanied by a small piece of money which was expended in purchasing small statues of the deities. Amphorae, or jars bearing friendly or loving inscriptions, were also favorite gifts at this season. Specimens of these, bearing the motto "A Happy New Year to You," and medallions similarly inscribed in honor of the Emperor Commodus, were found in the ancient city by early archeologists. This custom was continued until the reign of the Emperor Claudius, when it was prohibited.

In the early history of the church mention is made of the receipt of New Year's presents by the Christian emperors, notwithstanding the fact that ecclesiastical councils forbade them to receive them on account of the pagan ceremonies accompanying their presentation.

It was an old English custom on New Year's Eve to drink the health of the departing year and greet the advent of the new with songs and feasting. The wassail bowl, filled with wine or ale in which floated roasted, sugared apples stuck with spices, was brought in and placed on the banquet table. This drink was called "lamb's wool," probably because of its softening, soothing effect on those who partook of it. A boar's head, decked with rosemary and wreathed with garlands, graced the center of the festive board, and on every hand were seen turkeys, a chine of beef, sweetmeats and other toothsome delicacies. After all had eaten their fill the young people engaged in dancing and various games, while the old folks revelled in the delights of the wassail bowl.

The French observe this day with many forms of festivity. They visit and exchange congratulations and presents. Sweetmeats, dried fruits and other confections are usually selected for the purpose, although many useful and ornamental articles are also in great demand.

Among the Scotch New Year's Eve is a red-letter occasion. Before the clock strikes thehour of midnight the young men post themselves at the doors of their sweet hearts, waiting for the last stroke of the hour, lest some rival should anticipate them, for at that hour the "first foot," as the favored youth is called, has the privilege of entering and saluting his loved one with a hearty kiss.

And now let us find the little doggie something to eat," said mamma. "I think he is hungry."

"Let us name him over first," said Evelyn. "Spot is not a nice name, and besides that's what Tom Leroy named him."

"Call him Trouble," said papa, "for he has been Henry's first trouble in this world."

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The Compositor and the Dictionary.

The compositor as a philologist asks not to be placed among the learned, but as a critic of the opinions of dictionary makers he is ubiquitous. He rarely, is is true, gives vent to his opinion in print, but among his fellows he expresses himself freely and emphatically. When we consider for a moment the multitude of variations in English orthography, it is not astonishing that the compositor should grow restive when called upon to follow some antiquated spelling. Johnson's for instance, for a portion of a day and then to follow Webster or Worcester or some other publication for the remainder. Although any particular dictionary may be taken as the authority to be followed in a printing establishment, there are generally modifications made by authors which complicate matters still more than when instructions are given for a spelling of some distinct style to be used.

The printer casts his affection upon the dictionary that simplifies matters for him, and that which he finds most consistent in spelling, compounding, hyphenating and syllabicating wins his regard—though, indeed, it may be difficult to say which does meet these desiderata. The general public uses a dictionary for spelling and definitions almost exclusively, and so long as any mode of spelling has the sanction though not the preference of a lexicographer, no exception is taken to it.

The uniformed use of the preferred spellings of either of the American authorities, Webster or Worcester, is seldom if ever seen in any publication, and it perhaps never occurs to the minds of the various writers the never-ending struggle the compositors and proof readers of a printing office are engaged in to guard against the unsightly appearance caused by using the various spellings indiscriminately.

Webster's Unabridged Dictionary has been the standard in many printing offices, and its rules of syllabication have been used in the majority of publications in America. With the advent of the revised edition of Webster's dictionary, that of 1890, under the distinctive title of International, a return to the English usage in syllabication is noted in many instances, that cannot fail to make confusion worse confounded. Hopes were entertained that the International would be a step towards consistency in line with the additions and rules upon which it is based, but the revision of the rules long obeyed has sorely disappointed the expectations entertained. That the rules have been discarded only after careful and long deliberation no one will be disposed to deny, but this profession does not lessen the difficulties of the compositor in wrestling with conflicting usages. —*Inland Printer.*

The Other Was Weakening.

"Do you think you can support me, George?" she said, one hour after he had proposed.

"Yes, if you'll get on the other knee," he said.

His Economy.

Charley—Hullo, old man, going to Europe at this time of year?

Tom—Cheaper than making Christmas presents, you know. Ta ta.

No Converting Him.

Benzine Bill (the horse thief)—Salvatin' army, 'er ye! Wal, ye needn't mind readin' yer warrant. I hain't been standin' off sheriffs and Injun police, detectives and reg'lars, for seven year to be corraled by no Amazons, excuse me!"

A Bonanza.

Schoolbook Publisher—Hooray! I have found it! Send a printer here! Start the presses! We'll get out a new and revised set of schoolbooks. Hoopla!

Superintendent—What have you found, sir?

Publisher—A new way to pronounce an old old word.

The Father Mathew Remedy is a speedy cure for intemperance, and destroys all appetite for alcoholic liquors.

How It Happened.

Wife—Why, Henry, the dinner is spoiled. Where have you been?

Suburbanite—I got carried by the station and had to wait an hour for an up-train.

Wife—Reading at the time, I suppose?

Suburbanite—No; I was trying to convince a friend of the benefits of living in the suburbs.

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The Erie have had two of the finest sleepers made that money would buy, especially for this run. They leave Toronto at 4.55 p.m. daily, except Sundays, arriving in New York early next morning. Beautiful dining cars attached to all trains for meals. For further information apply to S. J. Sharp, 19 Wellington street east, Toronto.

Not all English.

Little Miss Wayupp—Is your butler English?

Little Miss Highupp—N—o, but his clothes is.

GRAY HAIR.—Capilline will in a few days restore gray hair to their natural color and prevent their falling out. Price 50c.

Swift Detection.

Mrs. De Pretty—Horrors! That woman who just passed is a young man in disguise.

Husband—Well! well! How do you know?

Mrs. De Pretty—She looked at my face instead of my dress.

Misses E. & H. Johnston of 122 King street west are now offering a number of dress lengths at a great reduction. We have also a choice selection of the latest novelties in evening wear—silks, embroidered gauzes, chiffons, etc. Every lady who admires a choice, well-fitting gown should inspect our stock.

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It seems almost incredible that a remedy has at last been discovered for curing this dreadful disease without any painful operation. But when we can refer you to hundreds of living witnesses who have been permanently cured by our wonderful and pleasant treatment you should not hesitate to tell your friends the good news. No Knife! No Plaster! No Pain! Send 6 cents in stamps for particulars, and mention this paper.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

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—So wrote the late eminent DR. J. MILNER FOTHERGILL.

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THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LTD.), Prop's.

VOL. V] TORONTO, JAN. 9, 1892. [No. 7

On Being Superstitious.

HERE was once a time when women were burned for being witches, and to skim the skies on a broomstick was a mortal offence. Now we burn witches no more and I suppose we flatter ourselves that we are less superstitious than our ancestors. But we have small cause to do so. We are as superstitious as, or more so than our ancestors, but we treat the witches differently. The witch of to-day hires a hall and displays her talents for the benefit of the curious. And we pay half-a-dollar apiece to go and see her and then go home and feel that we have rushed in where angels would most certainly fear to tread, or we have thrust our heads up into the heavens and have had a Faust-like time among earth spirits and things of that sort. Here in Ontario we have a thing unprecedented, a genuine ghost factory. It exists somewhere in the woods north of Brockville, and whenever news for the public is required a ghost is sent out and harasses the neighboring farmers. That is why all Canadian ghost items are dated from Brockville. In Toronto regular meetings such as the Salem witch-meetings are held. But no longer in secret. Nowadays they are held with a coffee and cake accompaniment, and are called societies of Oriental research. The truth of the matter is that the spread of civil and religious liberty has included the spread of superstitious liberty. The modern spiritualist should revere the memory of William Penn in the great stroke he made for superstitious liberty. A woman was brought before him charged with witchcraft.

"Art thou a witch?" he asked.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Hast thou ever ridden through the air upon a broomstick?"

"Yes."

"Thou art discharged. There is no law against riding on a broomstick."

There is much comfort in being superstitious. One acknowledges it with a certain honest pride and it is a bond between men. The farmer who will not kill hogs in the wane of the moon nor pass a worn-out horseshoe on the road stands on equal ground with the club man who will not give his lady love an opal engagement ring and is fearful if he spill some salt. I, myself, am a reckless devil. I am apt to fiddle with the salt spoon, and have known myself to spill salt three times in one week without performing the necessary rites to prevent its evil influence. But I like to have it known that I am superstitious. I could tell tales to terrify a theosophist if I chose to speak, and I have found diluted ghost horrors a very good medium to hold a young lady's attention with. Each one of us has a little tale to tell in an awe stricken tone at an evening party. Good ghost stories are always accepted by the first-class magazines. Old men like to retain their superstitions as evergreens of their youth. Women would sooner be superstitious than vote. Newspapers are published as organs of superstition. In fact, a man is not *fin-de siecle* unless he embraces a superstitious cult. TOUCHSTONE.

The Etching.

N American magazine known as *Short Stories*, as a means of encouraging brevity and aptness in young writers is in the habit of purchasing what it calls "etchings" in prose, which must not exceed five hundred words. The etchings which it accepts may be descriptive, humorous or pathetic sketches, or little characteristic stories best told in a few sentences. The writing of them is excellent practice for beginners, and for reading the best of them are excellent models. The one here given, entitled Motherhood, was awarded a twenty-dollar prize as the best descriptive etching. It was written by Ella E. Doten, and our readers may judge of its wonderful beauty of subject and diction:

A darkened room, through whose wide-opened windows the tremulous breath of June's warm midnight enters. A turned-down gas jet, while deepening the shadows in the corners of the room, faintly lights the pale face on the bed.

The sweet features, so lately contorted by woman's supreme agony of motherhood, are now white and still, their fairness thrown into sharp relief by contrast with the long, dark hair streaming back over the pillows, each silken strand wet with the sweat of travail pain.

Only when the glorious eyes are opened can one see, in their velvety glow, the joy with which this woman has returned from her journey into the very Valley of the Shadow of Death, bringing with her, as a precious trophy, the new-born soul. The victory, the crown of womanhood, is hers.

As she lies there with only her blissful thoughts for company, the door is gently pushed open, and the nurse enters, bringing the baby. The mother's ears, newly attuned, have been listening for the return of her child from its first bath, and, as the nurse approaches, the trembling arms are held out for the dainty bundle.

With a sigh of rapture, she enfolds the tiny stranger, and, with her darling held close to her loving heart, soon falls into a sweet slumber, feeling that earth can never offer her a diviner happiness. Not yet, however, is her cup quite full.

When the child is placed in its mother's arms on the third day of its life, the lovely white bosom is bared, and the soft little red lips close over the fount of maternal sustenance. As the little tongue presses upward, the mother feels the uttermost parts of her being thrill with ecstatic pain, while the tiny rills start on their life-giving journey, and join in the stream that soon flows generously to feed the hungry child. When her babe, satisfied by that first sweet draught, nestles its smooth, fair cheek on its mother's breast in contented sleep, then indeed, her "cup runneth over!"

O divine intoxication! Not all the kingdoms of earth can purchase, nor poverty nor sin take away, the rapture of a mother nourishing her first-born, even as the Son of Man was nourished at the loving breast of that thrice-blessed Mother!

The Drama.

THE man who goes to see an Irish drama generally has hopes of seeing a pretty bad play. Last week, when I went to the Academy to see Tony Farrell in My Colleen, my feelings were no exception to the rule, although I will admit that such hopes were somewhat dampened by the knowledge that the play was by James A. Herne. Herne, though not brilliant, is a painstaking and sincere dramatist, with a broad, charitable view of the human race, and is a "single taxer" and land reformer, a fact which the dialogue of My Colleen once or twice brings out. His pretty arrangement of Tennyson's Enoch Arden, which is known as Hearts of Oak, has been seen in Toronto, and the fact that Margaret Fleming, his latest work, has been the cause of so much comment, both favorable and unfavorable, bespeaks a dramatist of no mediocre quality, whatever may be one's own personal opinion of Margaret Fleming. In My Colleen, Mr. Herne has produced a play which, was the material of which it is composed new, would have a good share of the best kind of popularity. As it is, he has taken what has been considered tawdry and old, and made a drama that is fresh and interesting. My Colleen, not an attractive name by the way, is a simple story of a peasant girl, Mary Doyle, who yields to the love of an impoverished young squire, Gerald Ashley, whose estates have been by degrees absorbed by his grasping steward, Martin Coyne. Gerald has a rich cousin, Anne Grady, who loves him and would marry him, poor though he be. Mary had been promised by her father to Martin Coyne, but she dislikes the man and refuses to marry him. After her disgrace Coyne still offers to marry her, but Mary's brother, Jerry Doyle, refuses to allow him to, understanding as he does that hate actuates Coyne more than love and that he would kill her by inches. Gerald Ashley is not a bad man at heart and marries Mary and takes her to America, there to earn a living for both. Anne Grady, though Gerald has insulted her love for him, becomes the lady bountiful, purchases the ancestral estates to prevent Coyne's turning Mary's father out on the road in his anger and makes Jerry Doyle, the merry man of the piece, steward. There is no abduction, no heavy villain, no assistant villain, no machinations of any kind. The best of the characters of the ordinary Irish play are here and a few other familiar characters not distinctly Irish but not overdrawn. In fact, throughout the action there is no incident which necessitates the slightest stretch of one's credulity, unless it be that on Anne Grady's purchasing the great Ashley estate merely through her affection for a peasant family, and when one comes to think of it, it was probably a fair investment. It may be said that the play suffers from its construction. As in the works of many American playwrights, the climax is led up to through three acts and the interest flatters out when everything is made as good as pie again in one short last act.

My Colleen is not primarily a "star" play. Mr. Farrell's part is not of most prominence, except that he sings several songs and the others do not. He is a clever comedian, who has the same magnetism in a lesser degree that Lewis Morrison imparts to Mephisto, the devil. He has a pleasing voice and his songs were popular and his Jerry Doyle was altogether satisfactory. The star of the company was undoubtedly the child actress, Ollie Jones. This youngster, who appears to be not more than five years old, is as well up and as thorough in her "business" as are but few adult actors. She shows ability which amounts to genius. Such acting as hers can be taught to nobody, and should her genius expand with her years she will be "one of America's greatest actresses." Mr. Seth Smith, as Martin Coyne, gave a very fine presentation of the hard and avaricious steward; Mr. W. J. Hurley did good work as the father, John Doyle, and Mr. Clarence Hoper was a very fair Gerald Ashley. Mr. Frank Keenan was a funny Denny. Miss Mamie Ryan as Mary Doyle could not speak Irish, but she gave a touching and natural performance. Miss L. E. Atwood was a handsome Anne Grady, and the balance of the company were good.

The Power of the Press, which is running at the Grand this week, is a melodrama by George H. Jessop and Augustus Pitou. This probably means that Jessop wrote the dialogue and action and Pitou wrote the scenery. The Power of the Press tells the same old story of a villain's machinations and the troubles of a tearful hero and heroine. There are several good and lifelike characters in the piece, and some characters which, though not particularly lifelike, are new and for that reason interesting. The good angel of the piece is a wealthy operatic prima donna, Julie Seymour, who reclaims her erring husband, Harold Norwood, and does the hero, Steve Carson, an intelligent mechanic, many services, one of which is that of interesting the Press in his cause and enabling him to run down the villain and clump him on the head, previous to handing him over to the police. In the last act everything is lovely and the villain, Turner Morgan, in prison for twenty years. The first act is by far the best of the six contained in the play and for the most part above the ordinary melodrama standard. The scene is laid on a flat on the East side, and the scene when the corset girl waltzes with her rivals to the tune of Maggie Murphy's Home played on a hand organ on the street below, is new and amusing. The incident of the broken-down professor, Hosford, refusing and then accepting the half dollar the villain proffers him, is also of strong dramatic interest. The power of the Press as here represented is of a very chimerical quality, though I, in duty bound, applauded vociferously along with the rest of the house when the virtues of the fourth estate were vaunted by the actors. Mr. Pitou's share of the authorship is very creditable and the stage setting, including representations of a ship at anchor, a ship yard, with men at work, the grand apartments of the prima donna and the Manhattan Athletic Club building, is magnificent.

Though the Power of the Press is, as a play, no better than hundreds of its kind, it has the merit of being presented by clever people, and that makes all the difference in the world. Mr. James E. Wilson made an acceptable and manly-looking Steve Carson and when he spoke, he spoke in the voice and intonation of a mechanic, not those of an orator. Miss Ida Waterman as Annie Carson, his wife, was comely and not too tearful. She bears a very strong resemblance to Minnie Seligman, who originated the part. Miss Sallie Williams was a humorous and lifelike factory girl who has some little education, and deserved great praise. Miss Lavinia Shannon was a handsome and acceptable Julie Seymour and is very popular with her audience. Miss Millie Sackett is a very fair Irish broad comedienne. Mr. Charles Poor gave a fine impersonation of the broken-down professor; Mr. Charles Mason was an excellent villain, Mr. C. H. Reigel a gentlemanly DeWitt Norwood, Mr. Herbert Patten a good Harold Norwood, and Mr. Charles Edwin a very fine impersonator of "de tough." Mr. Walt Woodall was a good gilded youth, Miss Ella Baker a fair newsboy, and Mr. Luke Martin, whose stage management is very fine, is also an excellent Irishman.

The Bouchal Bawn is an Irish melodrama, the plot of which is old and familiar and the people who present it mediocre. It is, as a whole, the worst Hibernian show seen here this season, notwithstanding Toronto's previous record. TOUCHSTONE.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Next week is a good one at the theaters. The Grand announces for the first three nights Mrs. Scott-Siddons in a modern society play entitled Check and Mate, translated by her leading man, Harry St. Maur. During the last half of the week Rose Coghlan will appear in her new play, Dorothy's Dilemma. In this play Miss Coghlan will wear a pair of trowsers with the same grace with which she did in Jocelyn. She appears as a French officer during two acts and comes on the stage mounted on horse back once. Her old leading man, John T. Sullivan, manages her trip this season. During the first three nights at the Academy Lizzie Evans will play in Miss Price, a rural drama by that clever woman, Martha Morton, the author of Geoffrey Middleton, Gentleman, and The Merchant.

The Boston *Journal* tells a pretty story of the lamented Florence. It is of an episode with a stage-struck young woman. Coming out of the theater in Boston one evening after a performance, a young woman timidly approached him, saying as he paused to listen: "Mr. Florence, will you tell me where I can come and see you about going on the stage?"

Taking in the situation at a glance the actor replied kindly: "Why, yes, at the —— hotel to-morrow morning at twelve o'clock."

Punctually at that hour the would-be actress was shown in. She was evidently a simply bred girl, fascinated with the glamor of the footlights. With entire ignorance of what was expected of her she announced her desire, finishing naively:

"And I thought I'd come and ask you what I must do first?"

"You are familiar with some plays, I presume?" questioned Mr. Florence.

"Oh, yes," eagerly. "I go to the theater all I can. I've seen you every time you've been in Boston."

"But I mean you have studied some dramatic *roles?*" pursued the actor.

"I—think not," was the hesitating reply.

"You have read something, at least, to let me see what you can do?" he tried next.

"I can read poetry," answered the girl.

"Don't you know some poetry that you can recite?" urged Mr. Florence.

Yes, she knew Longfellow's The Bridge, and she proceeded to give it in a way that has probably never been given before nor since.

There was a moment's silence after she had finished, broken at length by Mr. Florence.

"You have a home?" he asked.

"Oh, yes."

"A mother and father?"

"No father, but a mother."

"And a lover, may be?" watching the girl's face keenly.

She blushed and admitted that there was a lover.

"Well, now, my dear," said Mr. Florence, dismissing her, "I can spare you no more time this morning. Leave me your name and address and you shall hear from me very soon."

The girl complied, and before her footsteps had died away in the hall the actor was seated at a table writing. The next day, with a handsomely framed picture of Mr. Florence, there was delivered to the aspirant for histrionic effort this note:

DEAR MISS ——,

Stay with your mother, marry your lover and play leading lady on the home stage, where you are fitted to shine in all womanliness. Be assured, my dear young friend, on the other stage to which you aspire you would be as out of place as a mouse in a ballroom

Sincerely yours, WILLIAM J. FLORENCE.

Varsity Chat.

LAST week I referred to a friend of mine who intended during the holidays to be present at a number of dancing parties. He has returned in body but I fear not in spirit. His room mate tells me that a change has come over the man of dancing parties. His thoughts are far away. He seems to have met his ideal. But "mum" is the word with him. He was in the habit of conducting his correspondence on all sorts of paper, *e. g.*, business letters, pads, etc., but on Sunday last he was more particular. He had to have the best of note paper and spotless envelopes. To improve in composition he wrote his effusion more than once, and though he became so pleased with his labor of love as to make a cheery step or two of some new dance through the room, he whispered not a word to his mate. Such is the power of love.

Mr. James Brebner, B.A., has ceased to work in the library. He was assistant at the time of the great fire, and since that time has worked with great care in the interests of the library. He made it his business to make a study of libraries in each and every detail, and was an authority on library matters. He was an applicant for the position of librarian, but he did not receive the appointment. To Mr. Brebner's credit it may be stated that at least four-fifths of the students were strongly in favor of his being appointed to the position.

A general reader has sent me the following note on students: "The student has long impressed us as a man it is well to avoid unless one possesses an unusually vigorous constitution and is absolutely without nerves. We especially seek to avoid him if we are a boarding-house mistress or a policeman. As for the average citizen, we fancy he has pictured the student as a being who is closely associated with a gown, pipe and flowing bowl, that is when he is peaceably disposed. When he is not peaceably disposed, he is a howling wilderness. Armed with a club and a slouch hat, which all students possess, he almost invariably seeks out the police, though why it is hard to tell, unless that he is naturally opposed to law and order. On he comes in the midst of a horde of his colleagues, but his bravery never lasts after he catches a glimpse of a 'cop's' helmet. But he has his good qualities. He is usually, when you know him, a sociable, agreeable fellow who will share his possessions with a friend and stand by a colleague through thick and thin."

The Easter term of Saturday lectures will be as follows, in each case at 3 p.m. in the University Hall: January 16, William Dale, M. A., The Freeness of Ancient Rome; January 23, Prof. Ashley, M. A., Methods of Industrial Peace; January 30, Sir Daniel Wilson, LL.D., F. R. S. E., Three Queenly Eras, 3rd Queen Victoria—Tennyson; February 6, Prof. Hutton, M. A., Phases of Athenian Politics; February 13, Prof. Baker, M. A., History of Astronomy, The Systems of a Great Problem; February 20, Prof. Ramsay Wright, M. A., B. Sc., Corals and Coral Islands; February 27, H. Rushton Fairclough, M. A., The Ancient and Modern Stage; March 5, Prof. Loudon, M. A., Ampere: His Life and Work.

Mr. J. J. Ferguson, B. A., '90, is stationed as a missionary in connection with the Methodist church, near Orangeville. He was in the city this week. JUNIOR.

Naming the Babies.

In some countries curious customs prevail in regard to selecting a name for the baby.

A Hindoo baby is named when it is twelve days old, and usually by the mother. Sometimes the father wishes for another name than that selected by the mother. In that case two lamps are placed over the two names, and the name over which the lamp burns the brightest is the one given to the child.

In an Egyptian family the parents choose a name for their baby by lighting three wax candles; to each of these they give a name, one of the three always belonging to some dignified patronage. The candle that burns the longest bestows the name upon the baby.

The Mahometans sometimes write desirable names on five slips of paper, and these they place in the Koran. The name upon the slip first drawn out is given to the child.

The children of the Ainos, a people living in northern Japan, do not receive their names until they are five years old. It is the father who then chooses the name by which the child is afterwards call-d.

The Chinese give their toy babies a name in addition to their surnames, and they must call themselves by these names until they are twenty years old. At that age the father gives his son a new name.

The Chinese care so little for their girl babies that they do not give them a baby name, but just call them No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, according to their birth.

Boys are thought so much more of in China than girls, that if you ask a Chinese father who has both a boy and a girl, how many children he has, he will always reply, "Only one child."

German parents sometimes change the name of their baby if it is ill; and the Japanese are said to change the name of a child four times.

Lost Anyhow.

Wife—And so you've failed and lost everything.

Husband (sadly)—Everything.

"I don't see why you couldn't have put your property in my name."

"I was afraid you'd never let me have any of it."

He Had Been in Town Before.

Conductor—Lose your hat, sir?

Mr. Conestoga—No; had it checked. I'm goin' down t' York t' see my nephew, an' I know what's style. Any good dances goin' on these evenin's?

Distinctions and Differences.

Katy Didd—It isn't proper for girls to climb trees, is it mamma?

Mrs. Didd—Not this season, dear; but you can ride your safety bicycle.

Dead Broke.

For Saturday Night.

Dead broke! he said, his face was pale,
His tone suggested tears,
As home he came from business to
His bride of two short years.

What hurt him most? Not loss of wealth,
No, but the thought that she
Would droop in their more humble home,
Under adversity.

Just for a moment she, too, paled;
Then, quick as thought, her eye
Kindled with love's own light, and thus
Smiling she made reply:

"Why Charley who is dead? what's broke?"
Frankly his eye she met,
"Not you I'm sure, I know you're worth
A hundred thousand yet.

"Let's figure up—here's your right hand,
What is it worth? come, say,
Ten thousand? nay, for three times ten
You'd not give it away.

"Then you've a pair of bright blue eyes
Worth twenty thousand more,
And, bless me, yes, you have a head
That's neither broke, nor sore.

"You've the bright sun, and God's blue sky,
And this fair world is wide.
While I have you, I could not be
Unhappy if I tried.

"Not all the gold that e'er was coined,
Could buy this stock in trade,
And it's secured beyond the reach
Of grueesome bailiff's raid.

"And you have me, now hubby dear,
I'd just like you to say,
Which would you rather lose, your gold
Or have me dead to-day?"

With moistened eyes he clasped her close,
As fervid lovers do,
"My precious one, I'm sick," said he,
"Thank God I still have you."

J. EMILEY, M. A.

1891.

For Saturday Night.

Gone, old year! Down life's stream flow;
Laden with joys and sorrow and woe,
On the way to the meadows of "long ago,"
Thou art gone.

Farewell, Old Year.

Gone, and year! Thy sorrows and pain.
Ne'er shall return to our hearts again,
Though remembering thee thus is not in vain.
'Tis weary and sad.

Farewell, Old Year.

Gone, gentle year! Thy joys though few,
Have filled a soul with a music new,
Have filled a heart as the morning dew,
Did thy bright spring flowers.

Farewell, Old Year.

Gone, Old Year! 'Twas a weird farewell
That came to our hearts as the wild night bell
Chimed at once the funeral knell,
And the birth of a bright New Year.

Farewell, Old Year, farewell.

January 1, 1892. A. J. H.

Interludes.

FIREFLIES.

See where at intervals the firefly's spark
Glimmers, and melts into the fragrant dark;
Glide a leaf's edge one happy instant, then
Leaves darkness all a mystery again!

PARADISE.

One went East and one went West
Across the wild sea foam,
And both went on the self-same quest.
Now one there was who cared for naught,
So stayed at home;
Yet of the three 'twas only he
Who reached the goal—by him unsought.

ART.

"Let art be all in all," one time I said,
And straightway stirred the hypocritic gall:
I said not, "Let technique be all in all,"
But art—a wide meaning. Worthless, dead—
The shell without its pearl, the corpse of things—
Mere words are, till the spirit lend them wings.
The poet who breathes no soul into his lute
Falls short of art; 'twere better he were mute.

The workmanship wherewith the gold is wrought
Adds yet a richness to the richest gold:
Who lacks the art to shape his thought, I hold,
Were little poorer if he lacked the thought.
The statue's chamber was unbroken still
Within the marble, had the hand no skill.
Disparage not the magic touch that gives
The formless thought the grace whereby it lives?

TRANSFORMATION.

Through a chance fissure of the churchyard wall
A sweet-breathed vine thrusts out a vagrant spray,
At whose slim end a snow-white blossom droops
Full to the dewy redness of a rose
That reaches up on tiptoe for the kiss.
Not them the wren disturbs, nor the blue-bee
That buzzes homeward with his load of sweets:
And thus they linger, flowery lip to lip,
Heedless of all, in rapturous mute embrace.
Some necromancy here! These two, I think,
Were once unhappy lovers upon earth.

—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich in Century.*

The White Moth.

"If a leaf rustled, she would start;
And yet she died a year ago.
How bad so frail a thing the heart
To journey when she fear'd so?
And do they turn and turn in fright,
Those little feet, in so much night?"

The light above the poet's head
Streamed on the page and on the cloth,
And twice and thrice there buffeted
On the back pane a white-winged moth;
'Twas Annie's soul that beat outside
And "Open, open, open!" cried.

"I could not find the way to God;
There are too many flaming suns
For sign-posts, and the fearful roads
Led over wastes where millions
Of tangled comets hissed and burned—
I was bewildered, and I turned.

"Oh, it was easy then! I knew
Your window and no star beside.
Look up and take me back to you!"
He rose and thrust the window wide.
—'Twas but because his brain was hot
With rhyming; for he heard her not.

But poets polishing a phrase
Show anger over trivial things;
And as she blundered in the blaze
Toward him, with sonnetic wings,
He raised a hand and smote her dead;
Then wrote, "Would I had died instead!"

ARTHUR T. QUILLER COUCH.

Between You and Me.

PENDING money is not necessarily extravagance," said my wisest man friend to me to-day. "You can spend money and strength and energy and time largely and not be extravagant. The great point is to get a satisfactory and just return for your expenditure. A handsome gown for a handsome sum, that will set off yourself and announce your taste and liberality, a great effort that will bring in adequate returns, a long hour that will hasten the perfection of some well conned and wisely laid plan. In fact, instead of people of this age being extravagant from too much spending, they are extravagant in just the other direction. You and the other women think a cheap gown is economy, and a skimped meal meritorious. We know better, Lady Gay." And I knew that in part my wise man was as wise as ever, and that in this age of half done work, half thought-out conversation, half chewed food, and half selected clothes we save at one end to waste at some other.

There have been times when I have had absolutely nothing to do from morning till night. Were they as happy as the times of to-day, when sometimes it is one long rush of different and incongruous duties from the rising up of the sun till many hours after the going down of the same? I love to look upon that man or woman who not only has "a thousand things to do," but does them. You know they don't always do them. Don't you know the woman who lets one duty after another slide by undone, and says when she feels a prick of conscience, "Oh, I have such a lot of things to attend to, I really haven't time." Such a little humbug looked calmly up in my face to-day and said, "You must come and see me, dear; you know my time is so taken up I haven't a moment to call my own." And that very hour was the last of three which she had spent in dawdling from the shops to the Free Library, and from there to the lunch parlor where she happened to spy me. The busy woman or man doesn't have time to spend in that way, but they have a sterling satisfaction, when they reach the end of a day's labor, in glancing back over the last twelve hours, which never comes to one who plays at occupation.

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I don't know whether other women suffer from the horror of expectorating men as much as I do. But, oh! isn't it awfully disgusting to have to endure them in the street cars? One man drove me out of the car, into the muddy, rainy streets last week; and a small messenger boy made me so ill to-day that only rage kept me from getting out again. Now that the Company have rigged up those dear little "comfy" stoves, I think, perhaps, if they knew how we were suffering from the expectorating fiend, they would also provide a trim little spittoon in some safe corner.

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The big hat nuisance is going out of date, but once in a while a back number appears, and all our New Year's resolutions to love our neighbors as ourself are undone. A very funny scene was enacted in the orchestra chairs on one of the Cleopatra nights last week. A small man, a stern old lady and a tall girl with seven wings on her hat were sitting near me. The old lady was rigid; the small man was stiff; but the girl seemed to be at the volition of all those seven wings, and no matter what way she turned and twisted and peered, one or other of them was stretched across the stage. The fun lay in watching the unfortunates three deep behind her. When she leaned over the small man all the wings were in active service, and the necks of these male creatures were craned out into the aisle to see the stage. When she whispered to the old lady two very large wings hid the scene and the actors from three little women, who glared and frowned and muttered, "disgusting," and peeked under and round the ubiquitous wings; and if looks could kill, and that tall girl had owned as many lives as she had wings, she would have been dead long before Marc Antony and Cleopatra. And it will be one of the unsolved riddles of the last quarter of our nineteenth century as to how she could dare to make such a nuisance of herself. It was boldly proposed, at the end of the first act, to take up a collection among the sufferers and offer her a handsome consideration to dismount those rampant wings, but though the small man was furious, and the stern old lady red in the face, that tall girl sat as cool and unmoved as if the scathing remarks on her headgear had been made about some other hat and seven wings. I don't see how she stood it, but she *did*.

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Talking of Antony and Cleopatra reminds me of the strange moral perversity which made all of us glad when the Roman deserted his bride and returned to the sorceress of the Nile. We should have rejoiced that innocent Octavia had safely captured the errant warrior in Hymen's net, but instead, I, and by confession many another woman, were very glad when Cleopatra got him back again. Perhaps it was that we felt a conviction that the well behaved and circumspect little bride, with her sweet prosing of duty and affection and innocent amiability, would live to be consoled by some smug and proper tribune, while for the fiery, fevered love of the earthly and passionate Cleopatra it was Antony or nothing. When one has all one's eggs in one basket that basket's fall means so much, and even the women whose warmest feelings only skirted on the edge of the volcanic love of Egypt's queen, felt a sympathy and an excusing and almost a sort of admiration for what was not in her experience, but what she could nevertheless perfectly understand.

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"You can have your birthday party some other day," said mamma soothingly, to a small boy with the measles, who was overcome with grief to find his birthday was coming before he was restored to society. "Oh, no! Oh, no! It won't be a birthday at all then," he roared. "Well," said the nurse, "You know Queen Victoria don't keep her birthday on the right day. She wasn't born on the 24th. And we don't know just exactly what day our Saviour was born. It wasn't on Christmas, that's certain!" The little lad stopped at these iconoclastic sentences, and then demanded: "Mother, is that so?" "Yes, I believe so." "Oh, *then I don't mind having my party put off either!*" The calm way the consolation was appropriated was very amusing, and very man and womanlike.

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"Please, Lady Gay, tell me why do you think New Year's calling is dying out?" writes a correspondent. Well, my dear, you might as well ask me why don't we send valentines to each other, as our grandfathers and grandmothers did? Why don't we powder our hair or wear hoop and farthingale? Because the fashion of this world changes, and valentines and New Year's calls are out of date, like polite men and timid women. Now, that last sounds severe, but it is solemn truth. Count on your fingers the perfectly polite men you know. Count again the shrinking, timid, romantic women. You have fingers to spare! I thought you would! This is the age of the smoking, non-dancing club man; the era of the tailor made, dog-rearing, self-reliant woman. No use to howl for back numbers—they are out of date—and the things of yesterday, New Year's calls, big snowstorms, and other bygones have imperceptibly thinned out.

LADY GAY.

Noted People.

Baroness von Ebner-Eschenbach, one of the foremost of Austria's women novelists, is a practical watchmaker and often repairs the choice timepieces of her friends.

Dr. Anna Epstein, a Russian woman, has been appointed the official city physician by the council of Pozarevatz, in Servia. So far as is known, she is the first woman so honored in Europe.

Miss Shidzu Mori of Kobe, Japan, is one of the students at the Northwestern University, at Evanston, Ill. Miss Mori is a member of the Kobe W. C. T. U. and intensely interested in the work.

The palace of manufactures and liberal arts at the World's Fair will be the largest building in the world. Its approximate dimensions are 1,800 by 800 feet, and it will be about a mile in circumference.

Miss Annie I. Oppenheim has been awarded the diploma of the British Phrenological Association, *honores causa*, in recognition of her studies of the anatomy of the brain and her interest in phrenology.

The last nail in the woman's building at the World's Fair is to be driven by the President of the Board of Lady Managers, and the nail is to be composed of gold, silver and copper, and will be presented by Mrs. Rickards, of Montana.

Three women have been appointed in Dutch Guiana to collect a display for the women's department of the Columbian Exposition, and in Mexico and quite a number of other countries provisions for women's displays are being made.

Harry Miller, the twenty-two year old son of the "poet of the Sierras," who is in jail in California for stage robbing, says his life might have been very different had he not lacked every care or encouragement to improve in his younger days.

Mrs. George Bowron of Chicago has recently patented a car-coupler of her own invention, the simplicity and ingenuity of which have won the praise of all practical railroad men who have seen it. She says her invention is the outcome of ten years' study.

Margaret Mather, the successful actress, received her first inspiration to act when seeing Mary Anderson play Juliet. Miss Mather is a Canadian by birth, her home during her earliest days being the little village of Tilbury near Montreal. She will be thirty years old this year.

A good deal of mystery attaches to Mrs. Annie Besant, the successor and pupil of Madame Blavatsky. She is a brown-eyed, full-lipped, large-handed, pale-faced lady, remarkable for directness and clearness of speech, and given to dilating on the agonies it cost her to give up Christianity.

The Princess of Wales' father, King Christian of Denmark, is now seventy-three years old. At one time, before he came to the throne, he was obliged to give drawing lessons in order to support his family, and the Princess of Wales used to make her old dresses over and over again, with excellent taste, it is said.

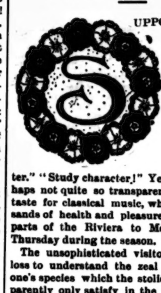
Mrs. Mary Kyle Dallas, so long and so favorably known as a writer of bright stories, is a genial woman of agreeable manners, a famous pedestrian and belongs to a family every member of which paints, writes, acts or edits. She is now engaged in writing an American play, and also is collaborating a novel with Mme. Mathilde Estoan.

Miss Sara Bodtker of Chicago won the $50 prize offered by Mrs. Potter Palmer, President of the Board of Lady Managers, for the best design for a seal for that body. The design shows a ship typical of Columbus' voyage, the eagle of loyalty, the ivy of friendship, the laurel of success, and stars equaling the number of Lady Managers.

The only woman living who witnessed the battle of Waterloo is Mme. de Velariola, now ninety-eight years old, but in full possession of all her faculties. On the eventful battle-day, she and her sisters—then the Misses Capran—stood in a neighboring windmill and witnessed the defeat of the French Army, and the same evening she helped care for the wounded on the battle-field.

Ignance Paderewski, the Polish pianist who is fascinating Gotham, is the son of a gentleman who lost estate, rank and position at court during the last Polish upheaval. Paderewski was thirty-one years of age on November 6, and has only devoted himself to the piano for the past seven years. The Queen presented him with a very valuable souvenir of his visit to England, where he made his first appearance on May 9, 1890, at St. James' Hall, London.

The Refinement of Gambling.



SUPPOSE we take a turn round the tables. I want a flutter to get an appetite for lunch," says the honest man. His companion, with less candor, agrees, because he wishes to "study character." "Study character!" Yes, of course. Perhaps not quite so transparent as the sudden taste for classical music, which brings thousands of health and pleasure-seekers from all parts of the Riviera to Monte Carlo every Thursday during the season.

The unsophisticated visitor is, at first, at a loss to understand the zeal for the study of one's species which the stolid tourist can apparently only satisfy in the overcrowded and abominably ill-ventilated Salles des Jeux.

Let us, also, do a little studying on our own account, since it is so fashionable.

It is a commonplace that the tragical scenes of rage or emotion on the part of the players, and the sensational episodes caused by the frenzied rage of ruined gamblers, are never now seen in the well ordered and outwardly respectable Casino. The players may not possess that severe air of repose which is supposed to mark the caste of the Vere de Veres, but, at any rate, they have their emotions under fair control. To a casual observer, indeed, the throngs of *petits ponteurs* who press round the roulette-table in serried ranks four or five rows deep, present rather a tame and uninteresting spectacle. In short, the muttered oaths of desperate gamblers, the stern, set faces and haggard looks, the twitching hands raking in the piles of louis, the triumphant ejaculations of the winners, and the vicious expressions of the croupiers—in reality worthy, hard-working and, for the most part, middle-aged men supporting a family, by work in the highest degree exhausting and tedious—and all the stock-in-trade of the sensational novelists are mainly derived from a highly developed imagination.

Still, the Monte Carlo Casino is a splendid field for the study of human nature under the influence of greed and anxiety to make money without working for it. No other place in Europe offers such startling contrasts. Here a young wife, spending her honeymoon in the Riviera, may be seen wedged in at the roulette table between a beetle-browed and sinister-looking blackleg from some obscure Marseilles *tripot*, and a money-lender of an unmistakably Semitic cast of countenance; there, a Russian princess of irreproachable parentage, between an Oxford undergraduate, merrily punting away with a capital of one hundred francs, and a battered old hag on the lookout for stray louis staked by players ignorant of the game.

Rarely is there any high play of an exceptional character, but the observant spectator of a cynical turn will find plenty to interest him in the petty rascalities and the sordid attempts at cheating, of which many unscrupulous players are continually guilty. The administration certainly do their best to check all this petty chicanery, but the croupiers are naturally anxious to avoid a scene or a disturbance, and unless the victim keeps cool and is persistent in his claims for redress, he will certainly lose his money. It may be some consolation for him to remember that the Casino has been tersely described a focus of "all the blackguardism of Europe."

But what about our friends with systems? They are, of course, hopeless. Half a dozen of these infallible methods for insuring a fortune may be observed in full working order at any single roulette-table, greatly to the satisfaction of the syndicate who now rule the destinies of the Casino. It would be hardly overstating the case to say that if all the players trusted to luck and abjured their precious systems, the dividends of the Monte Carlo shareholders would be reduced fifty per cent. It is hardly worth while to expose, at any length, the pernicious fallacy of the system principle. It has, besides, been done so often. Those who pin their faith on any one particular system can long hold out against the advantages possessed by the bank. They will, however, certain, with some degree of plausibility, that the use of a good system, plus a little luck, will result in the winning of a big sum. It is, indeed, curious how little pains these systemmongers take to understand the principles by which the bank secures itself against any long-continued losses.

The case lies in a nutshell. The bank possesses three great advantages over the punters. Any one of them would in the long run swallow up the resources of a Vanderbilt or a Rothschild. In the first place—and this is an advantage players usually ignore—the bank gives one point below the true odds to those backing the numbers, giving, instead of thirty-six to one, thirty-five to one. In the case of combinations of numbers, the odds are proportionately lessened—for instance, a punter, placing his stake *a cavre* on four numbers, would only receive eight times the amount of his stake, instead of nine times, should any of the four numbers win.

Then, second, there is the maximum, no player being allowed to stake, either on the numbers or even chances, a larger sum than will produce, if successful, six thousand francs. This rule, of course, puts an effectual check on the Martingale system. Then, finally, there is the zero, which, of course, by the doctrine of averages, turns up once in thirty-seven times. Trente et quarante is less exciting, and has not the dramatic significance of roulette; but at this game the player's chances are better, as the only pull the bank has over the punters is in the *refait*, when both the red and black rows of cards are thirty-one. This is called the *refait*, and it has the same effect as zero; but it only occurs, on an average, once in seventy-two coups.

The only advantage which the unfortunate punter has to pit against the bank, is the doubtful one of being able to stop when he likes and back what he likes. In spite of this terrible disparity of chances, so strong is the fascination possessed by the seductive ring of the roulette ball, as it whirls along in the little wheel of fate, that the infatuated gambler continues mentally to hug the "potentiality of acquiring riches beyond the dreams of avarice," and plunges away till his last louis is exhausted. Then, perchance, an application to the administration for what is cynically termed by the authorities "le Viaticum," namely, the loan of a sum to take the applicant back to his country, becomes necessary. So ends his dream.

Purists will say, of course, that gambling is immoral. Well, perhaps it is, but we can safely evade the vexed ethical question of the morality of play, which is, besides, a matter for the individual conscience, by taking refuge in the common-sense, if illogical, axiom, that it is mainly a question of degree. If a man who can well afford it chooses to amuse himself by a little mild excitement at the cost of a few hundred francs or so, what harm is there? It is when a player sits down seriously with the intention of winning a large sum, that the evils of gambling come in. It is a significant fact that the real gamblers, who play methodically and systematically, rarely break the bank. It is the casual visitor, who simply looks upon the tables as an agreeable distraction, and who never troubles his head about the doctrine of chances or the "run of the colors," who generally pulls off the big coups.

The player of this type certainly gets most amusement for his money. He does not even exercise himself if he loses, but will probably stroll about the exquisitely appointed Casino gardens with a pleasing sense of *quasi* ownership, as he feels that he has contributed to their maintenance. Perhaps, too, he can appreciate the humor of the cynical couplet so often quoted at Monaco:

"C'est encore rouge qui perd, et encore noir,
Mais *toujours Blanc* qui gagne."

It is the Blanc family which controls the Casino, which explains why "white always wins."

A Beautiful Bluff.

"The toughest situation I was ever in," said a young man who'd been by his wife," was when I went into a Sixth avenue gambling den, New York, and began playing roulette on a bluff. It was the most desperate moment of my life. I hadn't a cent in my pocket, and I had to have one hundred at once or else—well I had to have that hundred. I turned into the Sixth avenue theatre and went up the two dozen flights of stairs to the room where the tables were. There were a few hard-looking men playing at the wheel, one or two were sitting at the faro game, and a poker party was at work in one corner.

"As I glanced round I noticed sitting all alone in a chair tipped against the wall an old, old, white-haired man with kind, blue eyes. He looked at me quizzically through the smoke of his cigar.

"I saw that the man keeping the roulette wheel was just about flipping the marble. I stepped up quickly to the table, and as the marble went spinning around I called hurriedly for three dollars' worth of chips.

"The man behind the wheel passed them out in three stacks, and I instantly placed them all on my three favorite numbers. I then pretended feeling in my pocket for money to pay for them. Of course I took my time, as though I was interested in the marble.

"When it ceased rolling I was still fumbling in my pocket. I had won, and the bank owed me. I smiled at the man keeping the wheel. He was looking at me very sharply with an angry expression in his eyes.

"'Well,' said he.

"'Well,' I returned.

"'Put down your three dollars to pay for those chips,' he went on.

"'But I won't, I rejoined, 'and you owe me.'

"'That's all right,' said he; 'we owe you when you've shown that you were playing a square game. We don't lend chips to stuffs, see! Put down your cash.'

"'Oh, all right,' I replied, and went on fumbling in my empty pocket.

"The scowl of the man at the wheel grew deeper. Finally he broke out with: 'I knew it. Say, boys, here's a snide player. Let's do him up.'

"I knew the place I was in. I had tried a desperate man's game, and they had seen through it. I was sure to be beaten into a jelly.

"Just as I was looking around to see where my chance was to escape, the old man with the kind blue eyes made a dash for me. He threw his arm around me and called out: 'I've got him, boys. Let's teach him what is is to beat a respectable game.

"I threw the old fellow off without much effort. 'Give him a chance, boys. Let him show up if he can, and if he can't, then kill him. Come now, turn your pockets inside out.'

"I looked first at him and then around the room to see if there was a loophole to rush through.

"As I studied the field I pushed my fingers into my waistcoat pocket again.

"To my surprise I felt what seemed like a few bank notes. I drew out the small roll of paper.

"It was money. I unrolled it. There were just three one-dollar bills.

"I never flinched, but quietly put the money down on the table and remarked:

"'There you are.'

"'The roulette keeper growled and proceeded to count out six hundred dollars for me. I took it, played a few more turns, lost nearly a hundred, and then quit. I went down into the avenue and waited in front of the door for a minute. Presently the old man with kind eyes came down. I asked him why he had put the money into my pocket.

"'Because,' said he, 'you are a good-looking young feller, and because that is the meanest gambler in New York that keeps that house. I'm going to break his bank before I get through, and I don't care how I do it. But don't you ever try that game of yours again. I have seen more than one man killed for the same thing.'"—*Kansas City Star.*

Spiteful Italy.

Hinty (the man-o'-warsman)—How much d' yez want?
The Tattoo-artist—Ten dolls.
Hinty—Here yez are. I'ts wort' it t' have God Save Irelan' on a Connemara man's back.
But yez tickled me wanst or twice whin yez wor phrickin' that sicond loine.

Harry (to little brother)—Say, shut up yer darned noise, won't yer; I can't say my prayers.

The Cultivation of Beauty.

Beauty is not altogether an accident. It may be cultivated. We have been cultivating it more or less unconsciously, and by a variety of methods, this long past. In comparison with any earlier age, ours may be fairly described as a hygienic one. Now, the relations between hygienic and physical beauty need not be greatly insisted upon. Beauty of the higher order is very closely connected with brains. Brains seem too much wanting in earlier feminine portraiture, because education has made us conscious of that defect. We are no longer quite satisfied with a beautiful face that shows no trace of mind. We begin to perceive that it is a mere exquisite mask. But the higher kind of beauty is becoming general among women, because we are becoming much more careful of their mental training. Physical beauty may be made in the school-room. Then let us turn to the playing-field. Never were our girls so active or so varied in their pastimes as they are to-day. They are good at the oar; they are great cyclists; they are not easily beaten in the tennis-court. Athletics make for physical beauty in an almost incalculable degree. There is more beauty than ever before, and there are reasons for it. And because there is more beauty than ever, there is, perhaps, not quite so much enthusiasm about it. And, again, the beauties of the next generation will probably be much more beautiful than ours.

Love at Sea.

The Scotch Marquis of Aisla, whose marriage to the other day with a Perth girl of humble parentage created so much talk in England, met his wife and became acquainted with her on board a steamer returning from Bombay. Somehow or other (comment's a woman who has traveled much), women on board a ship, especially during long voyages, always appear ten times more attractive to the male passengers than they would on land, even the homeliest old harridan finding her admirers, and men ready and anxious to flirt with her during the voyage. Indeed, I have often wondered why it is that mothers, with marriageable daughters, or elderly spinsters in search of affinities, do not devote a portion of the year to making sea voyages. Effort of this kind would soon be crowned with success, for quite a number of English officers' wives, who have asked for English maids and nurses to be sent out to them in India and who have paid their passage, have been both disappointed and disgusted on the arrival of the girls at Bombay to find that they had become engaged during the voyage to be married, frequently to officers in the very regiments to which their own husbands belonged. They, therefore, not only had to pay the costly passage out of a servant girl who turned out her mistress on landing, but were, moreover, called upon to receive her on terms of social equality as the bride of a brother officer.

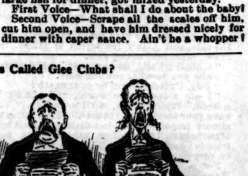
Telephone Complications.

Mistakes will continue to occur to the management of a telephone office. The message of a fond mother whose cherub had eaten too much, and a gentleman who had sent home a large fish for dinner, got mixed yesterday.

First Voice—What shall I do about the baby?

Second Voice—Scrape all the scales off him, cut him open, and have him dressed nicely for dinner with caper sauce. Ain't he a whopper!

Why are These Things Called Glee Clubs?



SECOND HALF OF A TWO PART STORY.

UNIACK'S FORTUNE.

BY MARTIN GRAY.

PART II.

For a moment Alan stands quite motionless, as if stunned, then with a white, set face he goes below and flings himself face downward upon his berth.

How many hours he lies there he does not know, for his brain is too tortured to take account of time; but it must be coming near his turn for going on duty when the chief mate bursts into his room on his way to the deck after looking at the barometer. He only puts his head inside the door and exclaims:—

"Uniack, the glass has dropped to twenty-seven thirty degrees, and the dirt is coming up from the nor'-west as gray as can be, sending a regular whirlpool of a sea before it," and away he rushes.

Alan Uniack rises calmly, though his heart seems to stop beating as the mate's words tell him that what he has so long dreaded has at last surely come upon them. It is no slur on his bravery that he experiences a momentary feeling of despair, for he knows well what is before them and against what fearful odds they must fight the battle—a battle on his part to save a life far dearer to him than his own.

He quickly reduces his clothing to a flannel shirt, serge trousers, and a stout pair of socks, and goes up on deck bare-headed, for he knows he must work to-night, and life or death may depend upon his limbs being free.

It is bitterly cold on deck; but he has little time to think about that, for he must see at once that all his end of the ship is clear for taking in sail. Before they can lower their topsails a gust of wind comes down upon them, seeming to shriek with passion as it flings itself on to its coveted prey. The night is the darkest that ever Alan saw in all his life at sea—he can almost feel the blackness—and the hail dashes in his face like shot. Then, as suddenly as it came, the wind lulls; but a tremendous sea is now running, which commences to roll in over the quarter and take everything on deck with it; for the wind was on the Antiope's quarter when the squall struck her, and they are in the act of heaving her to when it falls calm.

Again the sky lights up—a bright blood red—in ghastly awful contrast to the inky blackness, and the oldest "salts" look with terrified eyes into each other's blanched faces, and give themselves up for lost. They know this rare phenomenon by the term "the mouth of hell," and it always betokens a hurricane of such violence that scarce any ship caught in it can live.

The officers, knowing every moment to be of value, take advantage of the lull to order all hands aloft to furl the fore and mizen topsails and foresail.

"Where is the captain?" Alan finds time to ask Mansfield, only to get the answer,—

"In his cabin, almost terrified to death. He refused to come on deck—said he was crippled with rheumatism."

Away the men go aloft, Alan at their head, only the mate and a boy being left on deck. By the time the crew get upon the yard the wind and rain come down again with greater fury than ever—a terrible hurricane, in which the noble ship is as a child's toy. It is useless even to furl the sails, so down they have to come, baffled and thankful to reach the deck in safety.

It is an awful night. Alan Uniack and George Mansfield work like Titans, and need well do so, for almost all of the crew have hidden themselves away like rats in various holes, and of a crew of twenty-five scarce seamen only ten can be got together. All night they battle bravely with the fierce hurricane, but to little purpose; the ship gets battered, the main worn out, but the mighty storm-blast is as powerful as ever.

Before long the fore-topsail yard and a top-gallant mast come down with a crash, and the sparks caused by the friction of the steel yards against chains and wirework are so dazzling that the men are almost blinded for some minutes, and many think that the last hour has come. In his heart Alan thinks so, too; but his excitement is too great to let him dwell on anything but saving the ship and the many lives in her.

The top sail yard is hanging its gear to leeward, and each time the ship rolls the wind-wad it comes against the side with a crash which shakes her from stem to stern. Each crash they think will put a hole in the ship's iron side, and then in less than two minutes all will be buried in a common grave by the cold hungry sea, and the Antiope will be posted among the "missing," for not a soul will escape to tell the tale.

In their anxiety they try many ways to clear away the wreckage. One poor fellow gets on the rail to reach the lower lift which helps to bind the yard to the ship, but as it comes with its mighty swing to windward, he is caught between it and the rail and crushed almost to death. Then the two mates seek the captain to get his permission to cut away the whole mast; but they find him in a state of almost complete stupor, partly caused by terror and partly by whisky.

"Do what you like!" he says feebly, when they rouse him a little. "Nothing can do any good or harm; for we shall be at the bottom in five minutes." And maudlin tears run down his cheeks.

"Then you give us authority to do whatever we think proper?" asks George Mansfield, hurriedly.

"Yes—anything. I give up everything to you." And as they hear another crash against the vessel's side, the captain groans with terror and puts his fingers in his ears.

Mansfield draws Alan Uniack out of the cabin, and shutting the door turns the key in it.

"We'll take him at his word," he says briefly. "Now, Uniack, you and I against the prince of the power of the air!" And away go Alan and young fellows of twenty-five and twenty-four, with a ship of two thousand tons and sixty or seventy lives to save—if they can.

As they debate for a moment if they shall cut away the mast at once or first try some other plan, a sailor shouts into Alan's ear that if they could get at the lee braces and cut them the yard might swing forward and give them a chance of reaching the outer gear.

"What do you think of it?" Alan asks Mansfield.

He shakes his head hopelessly.

"It might save the ship if the yard could be cut," he says, "but the man's life would pay for it. It's of no use discussing it; not one of the men would go; and I can't blame them—I'd not go myself."

As he speaks he looks round at the little ring of brave men, and all prove the truth of his words by their quailing eyes.

"I'd go myself if I were ten years younger," says the old man who made the suggestion, "but it wants a surer hand and eye than mine are now for the job."

As he speaks the yard again crashes against the side, and Alan's resolution is taken. He draws Mansfield to one side.

"I shall go and do my best," he declares, "while you do what you can here."

"But, Uniack, it will be your death!"

"I am alone in the world, and she'n't be missed," replies Alan, with a smile. "You have your family—and other." Then, after an almost imperceptible hesitation, "Good-bye, Mansfield! If anything happens, we part friends; and tell Nora I hope you and she will be very happy."

For a moment, as Alan wrings his hand, Mansfield's better nature prompts him to speak the truth and say, "Don't go, Uniack—you are the only man Nora Santry loves;" but habitual selfishness prevails, and in another moment he is alone.

The old sailor and Ben Hosford go with Alan, and they manage, after much hard struggling, to get aft where the braces are secured. It is under water; but that is not the only difficulty Alan has to contend with. Green seas are breaking over the weather rail and sweeping right across the deck, surging over to leeward like a whirlpool.

The two men shudder as they see them, and tell Alan that the mate is right—no soul on board can do the job and live. He scarcely hears them; his nerve is set upon a great resolve, and he determines to give up his life to save the rest.

"It is better for me to go," he tells himself in a flash of thought that comes at this supreme moment. "Nora will be glad to have me out of the way. She and Mansfield will be happy; perhaps they will tell her that I died bravely, and then she will think of me as a friend forever."

His mind filled with such thoughts he goes, single-handed, with a rush on to the rail, armed with cold chisel and hammer, and tries to cut the eye-splice on the standing part of the brace-runner. He can make only three or four cuts at a time, as each lurch to leeward puts him nearly under water. A small bull's eye lantern which he has hung on the foremost swifter, out of reach of the water, gives a feeble light, and the two men watch him breathlessly from where they stand, far over his head in the lee main rigging.

Just as the last blow is struck and his heart is beating fiercely with joy and exultation, he raises his eyes and sees—oh, merciful Heaven, what a sight of horror—coming down upon him over the weather bulwark, a huge raging sea as black as night.

The brief glance tells him that his time has come, and he has but a few moments to think. Instinctively he clings with all his might to the lanyard of the foremost swifter; and as the sea comes upon him he hears Ben Hosford's voice cry:

"Good heavens, he is gone!"

His arms are cold and numb, and the strength of the water sweeping over him is terrifying. He holds on for about two seconds, then consciousness leaves him and he lets go. When his senses return he finds himself in the water, and sees the ship's hull a few yards from him.

The distance between neither lessens nor increases—both he and the vessel are drifting equally to leeward; but he might just as well be a hundred miles away, for he has no power to climb up her side. Even the thought of doing so never enters his head; a strange sleepiness steals over him almost before he can breathe a prayer recommending himself to heaven's mercy, and he feels it is sweet to rest.

Presently his eyes open again. Surely that is Nora's face which floats beside him on the water, looking at him with the old true, loving expression of long ago!

"At last," he says, "at last! Now I can rest!" And, with one effort to draw near to the lovely phantom face, he becomes insensible.

Ben Hosford feels his courage rise strongly within him as the merciless sea carries away the seeming lifeless body of Alan Uniack.

"By heaven, we're not worthy the name of men if we let that brave man go!" he cries, as he springs down from the rigging. "He risked his life for us, and I'll get him back or die with him, as sure as my name's Ben Hosford!"

Hastily taking up a rope, he fastens one end on board, and tying the other round his waist, jumps over into the black raging water. Just in just in time to clutch Alan by the hair as the young man begins to sink, and then he has the difficult task of dragging himself and Alan's inanes ible body up by the rope.

At last he succeeds in doing this, and, once on board, takes him up in his arms as a mother would a child, and he carries him to the galley, where he lays him down by the fire, and then hurries out to help to cut away the yard, which still hangs by the ship's side.

The warmth of the fire soon restores Alan to consciousness; but it is some time before he can remember that he has been overwhelmed, and he cannot understand why he is so very wet. Then suddenly it all comes back to him, and also the danger they are in; and springing to his feet he rushes out of the galley and joins the other men.

He arrives just in time to see the yard which has menaced them so long drop into the sea; and all give a sigh of relief when it has disappeared. Their happiness is of short duration, however, for no sooner is it clear than away goes the main braces, the bumkin is carried away, and all the yards take complete charge. The lines whip themselves into knots, and the lee rail is under water, the ship lying almost dead on her beam-ends, giving away, inch by inch, under the terrible fierceness of wind and sea. The men have to crawl along under the weather bulwarks in order to avoid being struck down by the flying gear as they struggle aft.

In five minutes their top-sail yards are on deck and the main yard is cock-billed, one end in the water and the other hanging by the main mast. It is a mercy they go, as they lighten the top weight, and the ship rights a little—but not enough, for the hurricane becomes still fiercer—the glass has sunk at twenty-seven—and lays the ship down again, while the water begins to get up to the hatches. This then will well disway, for the ship, seaworthiness apite by the falling wreckage and the water begins to pour down below.

Alan struggles up to the poop. He is cut and bleeding, and the blood is frozen and congealed in cakes on his back, from which he has torn off his wet shirt, which seemed to bind his limbs and make him powerless. He has his hatchet with him, and cuts away all the lee mizen stays, knowing that he has the approval of the mate, who is caged forward, as the deck is up to the rails in water. Then he cuts the weather stays—a touch suffices, as they are strained like harp strings—and away goes the yard with a fearful crash and plunge into the mighty black deep.

Standing there alone, Alan sees the good old ship slowly right herself and come up, and the tears gather in his eyes, for he feels toward her as though she were a living thing.

He is so longing and weary with pain; he is flushed with excitement, as he stands and cries aloud to the wild night:

"Thank heaven—oh, thank heaven—I have saved my darling!"

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Nora Santry spends the night of the hurricane very miserably. She is not a coward—on the contrary, she is braver than most girls; but the knows well that they are in terrible danger, and to be buttoned down under hatches, listening every moment to hear the bottom, is to her a horrible thought. If she must die, she would infinitely prefer to do so on deck, under the open sky, and facing the enemy that is to destroy her.

She cannot dwell long upon the peril they are in, for Dr. Santry is violently ill. Always an invalid, the sudden change of weather, the severe motion of the vessel and anxiety about their safety, all combine to bring on an unusually bad attack of the complaint from which he suffers, and her whole time is taken up in attending him and striving to relieve his suffering.

Several times during the night Nora thinks he is about to die, and she finds her only consolation in the belief that they will die together. Dr. Macquair rushes in now and then, and tells her to persevere with the remedies she is using; he cannot stay a moment, for several men have been injured on deck beside the poor fellow who was crushed by the yard, and his hands are full.

As she kneels by her father's side in the intervals of her work, with her face buried in the bedclothes, she listens to the tramping on deck and the crash of falling wreckage, and the knowledge that Alan Uniack is in the midst of so much danger makes her almost mad with misery.

Oh, if she could only see him for one minute, to beg his forgiveness, even on her knees, for all her unkindness, and to tell him how much and truly she loves him! Their conversation that evening comes back to her vividly, and his declaration that he would gladly lay down his life for her, if need be, rings in her ears through the long night-watches like a sentence of doom.

"You won't send me away for the night—perhaps forever—with a sore heart?"

Oh, how those words haunt her, and how his reproachful eyes, with a world of love in them, seem to follow her wherever she turns! In vain she buries her face in the clothes; she sees them; his her own thoughts—they are inexorable; and she has to endure an agony of self-reproach as the unkind words she has spoken to him rise and confront her like so many accusing ghosts.

Dr. Santry's illness reaches its climax during the afternoon of the next day, during which the storm abates, and she dares not leave him a moment. The one thing which seems to give him ease during his paroxysms of pain is the holding of his daughter's hand, which he sometimes grasps so tightly that she almost faints with agony.

She grows more and more desolate as the hours creep slowly and no one comes near her. During the night the stewardess came at times to do what she could, but now it has not been near her for many hours, save for a few biscuits with her, some of which she eats when she feels hungry; but she is too much occupied with her father to think much of her own needs.

Toward evening he grows easier, and at last, to her delight, she sees him sink into a quiet sleep. As she sits watching him at about twelve o'clock, the door opens softly and Dr. Macquair puts in his head.

"How is he? I could not possibly come before."

Nora points to her father's berth.

"He has been asleep for more than two hours, and has had no pain since about then."

"That's right—he'll do now. The ship is safe, too—which is more than I ever expected—so I advise you to lie down and get some rest, or you will be ill next."

Away goes the doctor, but suddenly he returns.

"Have you had anything to eat?"

She shakes her head.

"I thought not. Everything's in such a mess! Stewardess pitched down a ladder on her head and has broken one of her arms. I'll see what I can do."

In almost ten minutes' time he comes back with some hot soup and a piece of bread.

"That is all I can find," he says. "Give Dr. Santry some of the soup when he awakes. And he goes away finally—an abrupt, taciturn man, but nevertheless kind, generous and self-sacrificing.

Nora swallows the soup gladly; she is really faint from exhaustion now that her anxiety about her father is relieved. Dr. Santry awakens soon, and, having taken some soup, sinks back to sleep again; so she feels that she may rest without fear of neglecting him, and throwing herself on a couch which is in the cabin she is soon in a deep slumber.

When she awakes it is broad daylight; and while she wonders what hour it is she hears five bell strokes. Rising, she steals to Dr. Santry's side and finds he is still asleep. She knows that rest is the best thing for him—he often sleeps for many hours after such an attack as he has had—so, her anxiety about him allayed, her longing to see Alan and assure her of his safety returns in full force, and she feels that she must gratify it at once.

Stealing softly out, with a plaid over her shoulders, she reaches the deck without meeting any one on her way. She sees Mr. Mansfield in the distance, but rather to her surprise, he turns away, as if to avoid her.

Alan! Uniack, he cannot bear to meet her innocent eyes just yet.

When she reaches the deck she can scarcely stand, for a tremendous sea is still running, but the wind has gone down and the sky is clear. She utters a little cry of dismay as she sees what a wreck the Antiope is, then catches sight of Ben Hosford, who makes her way with some difficulty to where he is working hard repairing some of the damage.

Nora Santry is a young lady who cannot be restrained from talking to any and every one, and on the voyage out she became quite friendly with the carpenter, and would spend hours hearing him spin yarns, and listening to his violin playing, which she declared she enjoyed more than that of the finest player in Europe. She is genuinely a great favorite with him, too, but to-day he gives her no welcome.

"You'd better go below," he says gruffly, "this is no place for ladies in such weather. We have something else to do than to look after them."

"Don't be disagreeable, Ben," she retorts, with a little of her old wilful spirit. "Now that I am here, I mean to stay. I've got a frightful headache through being below so long, and I've very good sea legs, you know. If I sit here quietly and watch you while you tell me all about the storm, nothing can happen to me." And, sitting down upon a coil of ropes, she draws her plaid more closely about her.

Ben Hosford makes no answer, but works away in dogged silence.

"What an awful wreck the old ship is!" she continues, looking round her with sorrowful eyes. "Will she ever be able to get home, Ben?"

"You may be thankful she's here below your feet at all, my lass, or not. Why, you don't go home safe enough! We're not likely to meet two such hurricanes in one voyage, so it's well to leave it behind us. We'll get home slowly, of course; but she'll look more like herself when we've mended her up a bit; and she's tight below—that's one good thing. In all her awful strain she didn't take a drop of water except what came through the tarpaulins."

Nora, thankful that she has at last got him to talk, resumes her work, sewing to the surface nearest her heart; while the old ship's carpenter suddenly conceives the idea of teaching this fine lady such a lesson as she will not forget in a hurry. He knows he must first find out how much she knows; and her next remark comes like an answer to his thought.

"Tell me about it, Ben. My father was so ill all the time that I never left him, so I know nothing of what happened."

"Ay, but you had plenty who could talk better than I can to come in and tell you how things were going on."

"No, indeed," she says simply. "Dr. Macquair and the stewardess are the only persons I have seen during the past twenty-four hours; and the doctor is not much of a talker, you know. He was so busy that he just could yet to put his head in at the door. But he's very kind—he brought me some soup last night; but for that I believe I should be dead of hunger now." And she laughs—then sinks more gravely: "We were in great danger, Ben, were we not?"

"Ay, that we were, miss," he answers, rejoicing that the way is clear for the blow he means to give her. "I never saw anything like it, and I've been at sea, man and boy, for forty years. Beside the storm I saw many things this voyage I never saw before. I saw one man go and give up his life cheerfully to save the rest of us. But for him you and I would not be here now."

"What do you mean, Ben?" she says, trembling, she knows not why. "I did not hear that any life was lost. Who was it?"

Ben takes no notice of the question.

"Perhaps you heard something a-crashing against the side the night before last, if you were not asleep."

"Asleep! How could I sleep!" she asks reproachfully. "Indeed I heard it! Dr. Macquair told me when I asked him that a yard had come down, and that some poor man had got terribly crushed trying to cut it away. Is it he you mean?" in a tone of relief.

"No; though he was a brave enough chap, too."

Then the old man stops, while slowly and carefully he takes the measurements of his work. It seems an hour to Nora as she waits with white face and heavily beating heart for the name which some instinct tells her will be spoken at last.

"I'm telling you of Mr. Uniack."

"Mr. Uniack!" she echoes, her voice full of agony. Then, with a mighty effort, she whispers, "Ben, tell me all!"

For a moment he repents of his cruel resolve; as he looks at the piteous, drawn, white face; then he hardens his heart, vowing he will make her suffer as she has made Alan Uniack suffer.

"Well, you see," he says calmly, "if the yard made a hole in the side, we were all bound to be drowned in less than two minutes; and every time it hit we thought the hole was there. There's only one way it could be done—some one to go over the side and cut it right under water. None of the men would do it; and the mate he wasn't the one to ask them to do what he wouldn't do himself, for he knew it's asking a man's life. So Mr. Uniack says to me, 'Come along, Hosford, and I'll see what I can do.' So we went together—that old sailor with him; and to get across the deck was almost beyond us. When I saw the way the seas were sweeping over the deck I knew no man could do the job and live, and I tried to stop him; but he only smiles a queer sort of smile at me and says, 'Some one must go, Hosford, and I'll be missed. That's the good of being alone in the world,' and away he goes before I could say another word. And I, coward that I was, climbed up in the rigging to a place of safety and watched him. I kept praying hard for him, though I hadn't prayed for twenty years; I wasn't worth such trouble, but I knew he was. Well, he did his job, and just as he made his last cut and I was beginning to think he might come back to us, a sea came all down across like a black mountain sweeping across the deck, and when it went over to leeward like a whirlpool, it carried him with it."

He finishes abruptly, but Nora springs up and clutches his arm with both hands.

"Don't say he was drowned! Don't!" she cries passionately. "Oh, he was saved—he must have been saved!"

"Not drowned!" he grunts, shaking her off and going on his way. "Why don't you say he wasn't wet? Do you suppose any man on earth could have swum back to the ship in such a sea as that, even if he was not knocked senseless the first thing?"

Nora utters a long wail.

"How can you speak of it like that!" she cries, wringing her hands.

Ben Hosford drops his tools and looks at her sternly.

"Ay," he answers slowly, "you think I did not care for him because I don't make a fuss and whimper as you do now! But I was proud and glad of him, and you—you broke his heart and have his death at your door!"

"What do you mean!" she demands, with wide-open, terrified eyes.

"Just that I know your treatment of him ever since we sailed. You think because I'm only a rough common sailor I've neither eyes nor ears and feelings like you fine folks—saying the night you were all dancing. Didn't I see how they cut his heart like a knife? Why he hadn't the common goodness in—I don't know—you were not good enough to clean his shoes! A man fit to be a prince loved you and let you see you were the light of his eyes, and at first you pretended to love him, too; and then you threw him away and took up with the mate and any other chap you could get to flirt with you!"

Nora holds up her hand, as though his words were blows which she could ward off, and mutters excitedly:

"You don't understand!"

"Ay, I don've a right to be sorry," says Ben savagely, seeing her sorrowful gestures, and giving no heed to her words, "for you've killed one of the best men that ever walked a slip's deck. Do you think he'd have gone over the side like a boy if he didn't care a hell-fire about his life? Hosford, them were his last words to me, 'I will be least missed. That's the good of being alone in the world.' He wasn't standing by when he shakes hands with the mate, and says, 'Good-bye! I hope you and Nora will be happy.' Don't I know a common sailor like me shouldn't tell a lady like you your faults, but I tell you this—one of our girls would scorn to be so false and double-dealing. If she loved a man she'd not be shamed letting him see it; and she'd never send him to his death just to show off her power over him."

Nora raises her head as he finishes speaking; she is ghastly white, and her eyes are gleaming wildly.

"You are right," she says in a strange, discordant voice. "I am all you say—I am his murderess! Heaven forgive me! But I show you that I loved him. Since I killed him I will die with him!" And with a sudden rush she makes for the ship's side.

Hosford, who never meant his punishment to go so far, springs after her and grasps her round the waist just as she reaches the rail.

"Let me go—let me go!" she cries, and struggles to make him off with all the strength of madness.

"What on earth is the matter, Hosford?" demands Alan Uniack's voice at his elbow.

He has rapidly ascended the cabin stairs, having only just discovered that Nora is on deck, and seeing Hosford, who is a great favorite for Mansfield, he cannot keep away from her.

At the sound of his voice she wrenches herself from Hosford's grasp, and after one terrified look at Alan she overstretches her arms this way, and she is falling to the deck in a dead faint when Uniack dashes forward and catches her in his arms.

"It's nothing," says Hosford philosophically as he follows Alan, who carries Nora rapidly to the chart-room, where he lays her down gently upon the settee. "I was telling her of your being overboard the other night; and the foolish creature took it into her head that you were drowned, and she wanted to go after you. She'll be all right in a minute now, she knows you're alive, sir."

"How dare you frighten her with your confounded stories?" cries Alan, turning furiously upon the old man. "Clear out of this, and send the steward with some water and brandy at once; and don't let me see you or face again!"

Ben slinks away crestfallen, but proud withal of his handiwork.

"He won't speak so bitter to me the day he marries her," he thinks, as he goes to the stew

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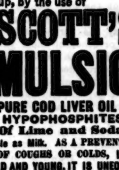

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ard's cabin. "He'll say then, 'Ben, 'twas you got her for me.'"

When the restoratives come, Alan takes them from the steward and sends him away, forbidding him to tell anyone that Miss Santry is ill. Then he sprinkles water on her face, chafes her hand, and forces a drop of brandy between her white lips, all the while calling her by every endearing name that he can think of.

At last, to his joy, just as he thinks he must call Dr. Macquair, a light flushes into her cheeks, and then the dark eyes open slowly. First they are fixed blankly upon him; but, as memory returns, she closes them suddenly and strives to turn away her head.

"Nora, my darling, what is the matter?" he asks anxiously. "Why won't you look at me?"

"I—I thought you were dead," she answers brokenly.

"But I am not. Touch me," taking her little hand in his, "and you'll know I'm not a ghost."

"But he said that you were—that you went overboard."

"So I did, my darling. But did he not tell you that he—brave fellow—jumped in after me and pulled me out? I owe my life to him, Nora. Do you think it is worth thanking him for?"

"Oh, how I love him!" she exclaims; then adds thoughtfully, "I suppose it was to punish me that he did not tell me."

"Punish you! What do you mean? How dared he—

"Hush! I deserved it." And she begins to cry softly at the memory of her sins, as Hosford had shown them to her.

"My darling, you deserve nothing but what is good and sweet! For mercy's sake don't cry like that! It breaks my heart to see you!" And, bending down, he kisses her passionately.

Then her sobs break out with increased violence; and raising herself she slips down upon her knees beside him.

"Oh, Alan," she cries, "can you ever forgive me? I hate myself for being so wicked to you. My wretched pride made me fear people would say I loved you only for your money, and so I did not care how miserable I made you or myself, dear."

"Foolish little sweetheart!" exclaims Alan, with a tender smile, as he raises her and clasps her in his strong arms.

Then they are silent for a while, as her head nestles upon his shoulder, and he bends over her till his lips touch her bright hair, and a perfect peace fills both their souls.

"We have been through a hurricane as well as the ship," says Alan presently; "but Fate has not let us wreck ourselves and our lives, but has brought us into calm waters at last."

THE END.

EXCELLENT PURGATIVES.—If you require a good purging and you have no time to spare, take before going to bed, one teaspoonful of Dr. Sey's Remedy, and continue some few days if necessary.

My Astral Body.

I.

"There's no doubt at all about it," said the rajah, relighting his cigar. "It's perfectly easy, if you know how to do it." The scepticism of the West is nothing less than disgusting."

The rajah had come to Oxford to complete his education and endue himself with the culture of Europe; and he sat in my rooms, in a frock coat of perfect cut (he always wore a frock coat), smoking one of my cigars and drinking a whisky and soda. The rajah took to European culture with avidity, and I have very little doubt that he learned many new things with which it might not be thought expedient to acquaint his fellow countrymen and subjects when he returned to India. But all the intellectual interests of Oxford were not strong enough to wean Sudda Hari from his love of the ancient lore of his own country, and he was always ready to expound the hidden wisdom of the East to any inquiring spirit. As soon as I found this out, I cultivated his acquaintance sedulously; for, in common with all intelligent men of the present day, I took a keen interest in that strange learning which seemed to give its possessors such extraordinary powers.

"Can you do it?" I asked.

"I should hope so," said the rajah contemptuously. "If I couldn't do that, I'd turn Mohammedan."

"Will you kindly teach me."

The rajah took in a deep puff of smoke. "You're sure you could manage it?" he asked.

"I beg your pardon!"

"Well, of course, like anything else, an astral body must be treated with tact, or it gets out of hand."

"Does it?"

"Why, yes; you must be firm and yet kind. Don't let it take liberties, or you don't know where it will land you. I rather doubt if I ought to show you."

I implored him to do so. I was young, rash, self-confident, and I thought I could manage an astral body as easily as I did the college authorities.

"Don't blame me if you find it too much for you, that's all," said the rajah; "and, of course, you must promise not to tell any one."

"Oh, must I?"

"Yes, you must; because it's quite irregular in me to show you this. You ought, by rights, you know, to go to Thibet for seven years."

"That would be rather a bore."

"Beastly," said the rajah; "but of course they insist on it, because they get the fees."

He swore me to secrecy by all manner of oaths, and lastly on my word as a gentleman; and then he showed me. I practiced all that evening, and was tolerably successful; but the time the rajah knocked out his last pipe and went off to bed. I must not tell how it is done, as I promised not to; besides, if any one reads this narrative through he will never want to know.

At first it was very convenient. I always used to project it to Kamtschatka and amuse myself. It did capitally there, because it had only to behave itself and hold its tongue. At lectures, it was a failure; it was such an inattentive beggar that its notes were worth nothing. And it was no sort of use in the crew; I was told that I should be turned out if I went on skirting like that—there is no p'uck or endurance in these Orientals. On the whole, however, I was very well satisfied with it, and came to rely upon it more and more for all the unpleasant duties of life.

"Well, how do you like it?" asked the rajah, one day.

"My dear fellow, it's splendid," I answered; "it's up in town, being measured for trousers now. You can't think how much trouble it saves."

The rajah smiled and shook his head.

"Be moderate," he said; "you mustn't use it too much, or it'll prendre a mal."

"Will it? What will it do?"

"Why, if it's always being projected, likely as not it'll learn the trick of it, and take to projecting itself. Then you'll be left in the lurch."

"What shall I do, then?"

"I don't see what you can do," said the rajah, scratching his head; "of course I should forward report it at headquarters, but you can't, because you're no business with it at all."

"Well, I shan't grudge it a holiday now and then," I said magnanimously.

The rajah was right. It did begin to take French leave. Several times, when I wanted it, I found it had, without a word of warning, projected itself off somewhere, and was not available. I spoke very severely to it. It said nothing, but listened, with an unusually sort of smile. "We all have our duties" I remarked, "and yours is to be here"—and I pointed to my chest—"when you are wanted."

"I ought to have a little relaxation," it answered sulkily.

"I never heard of such a thing in connection with you. Isn't it enough for you to meditate in four dimensions when you're not at work? That would satisfy most people."

"It's all very well in Thibet," it grumbled; "but a fellow doesn't come to Oxford to do that."

"One would think you had nothing to do with me. You seem to forget that you are simply a projection of mine."

We had some high words and parted—I mean, united—in very bad temper with one another. It was in the middle of a very impertinent and positively threatening speech, when I terminated the interview by resuming it. My mind was very unsteady and irritating, and I made up my mind to ask the rajah to speak to it the next morning. I had an engagement that evening, or I would have done it then. How I wish I had!

At half past nine, I went to an "at home" at Professor Drayton's. As a rule, "at homes" are dull; but I had a reason for going to this one. The professor had a very pretty daughter, and I was vain enough to think that my presence was welcome to her. We were great friends, and I had not been at the house a quarter of an hour before I had forgotten all my worries with my unruly astral body, and was talking to Bessie in the small drawing room, enjoying myself immensely. Suddenly—mysteriously—I felt something like a violent pull. Bessie vanished from the drawing room vanished; and I found myself in the street, standing in dripping rain, without a hat or coat. I stood still in bewilderment. What had happened? A moment later I saw the professor was upon me. I gave my name and college in a mechanical way, and he passed on, leaving me still standing in the rain. What had happened? Then it flashed across my mind. I understood its threats. It had projected me!

II.

I woke up next morning, determined to have it out with it. I found, as I expected, that it had waited till I was asleep, then let itself in and united without my knowing it. I went and paid my fine, and then, not waiting for breakfast, I proceeded to project it. It would not move! I tried again and again. I had no more power over it than a child. I knew it was there; but I could not move it an inch. In vexed, I jumped up, seized my cap, and started for the rajah's rooms. The rogue saw what I was up to. I give you my word, I had not reached the door when it projected me most viciously, and I landed down in the Quad.

I was not to be beaten. I came back to college at a run and made straight for the rajah's rooms. It was on the third floor for me. As I ran by the passage leading to my room, which I had to pass, it rushed out on me, united, and projected me again to Kamtschatka. This happened three times. Then I sat down. Just where I dropped, and acknowledged to myself that I was in a pretty fix. I had a fearful week of it. Of course, wherever I was it could unite at once by just thinking of me; and directly it had united it used, I believe out of pure malice, to project somewhere else. I did not want to go. It was lucky for me that it was new to the business; its powers were as yet very undeveloped, and consequently it did not carry very far. If it could, I am sure it would have sent me to Kamtschatka; but, as it was, I never went further than the university boat-house—a pretty tidy step on a bad morning. Still, it was improving; and I felt that I must act at once if I did not want to be a permanent wanderer on the face of the earth.

My only chance was to engross its attention in some way, so that it would forget me for a little while and leave me free to speak to the rajah. I pinned all my hopes on the rajah. Well, one morning, about a week after it first misbehaved, I went for a walk in Christchurch Meadow. We were united, and it had actually left me in peace ever since breakfast. I hoped its better feelings were beginning to get the mastery of it, and, in order to see, I tried to project it. No, it would not move. The creature was still recalcitrant.

Suddenly I saw Bessie Drayton just in front of me. In delight at seeing her, I forgot about it, and, quickening my pace, overtook her and lifted my hat. She smiled frosily, saying, "Why, Mr. Nares, I was just going to write to you." At that moment, when I was listening to her sweet voice, it projected me. Could ill-nature go further? Certainly it was mind that not really concentrated on what it was doing. I believe it was thinking of Bessie, and consequently was not united to its owner. Bessie I handed behind one of the big elms, where I lay *perdu* till it had gone by. It and Bessie passed me, talking and laughing, quite unaware or ear and looking as pleased as Punch. And poor Bessie, who thought she was talking to me, was being most charming to it.

I did not waste time in swearing. I ran like the wind back to college, hoping that Bessie's society would prevent it coming after me till I had spoken to the rajah. I still retained my pull over it. In order to unite, it had to come where I was; it could not resume me from a distance as I used to resume it; so if it united now, it would have to come to my rooms.

By a blessed chance the rajah was at home, and in trembling haste I poured my story into his ear. His face got more grave.

"I was afraid of it!" he gasped, holding his sides; "how splendid!"

I restrained my annoyance, and after a time he became a little more grave.

"Do help me!" I urged; "it may unite at any moment and project me, the deuce knows where."

"Oh, it'll be all right with the young lady."

"Not for long. She's very particular, and won't let it have its own way."

"Oh, then we must act. You don't feel it yet?"

"No; but do be quick!"

The rajah locked his outer door, took off his coat, lay down on the floor, and went into strong convulsions. I regretted putting him to such much trouble, but my need was urgent, and I knew that he was a good-natured man. Presently he cried (and I was just getting alarmed about him):

"Are you there, Nani-Tal?"

"Certainly," said an old white-haired gentleman, dressed in a sheet, who sat in the rajah's cork-shaped instead.

"That's all right," said the rajah, getting up and putting on his coat. "You were very difficult."

"We're so busy just now," said Nani-Tal, apologetically. "I'm demonstrating three nights a week, and the preparations take all my time."

"Well, you can't have a boom for nothing," said the rajah, smiling.

"I don't explain," said Nani-Tal; "I only mentioned it to excuse myself for keeping you waiting. I was in New York when you began materializing. It's a lively city."

"I am must tell him all about it," said the rajah to me; "he won't be very hard on us."

Nani-Tal was, however, rather severe. He said it was too bad of the rajah. Here were they to live if that sort of thing went on? Then he turned to me and added: "Of course it couldn't manage it. If you'd gone through the course, you would have been all right. But there, it's everything for nothing, nowadays."

"My friend couldn't go to Thibet."

"He might have paid for less, anyhow," grumbled Nani-Tal, "and taken correspondence lessons."

We soothed him down with the promise of a handsome donation, and at last he consented to help us. It was only just in time, for at that very moment I felt my astral body uniting. A second later, it made a violent effort to project me; of course it saw Nani-Tal, and knew it was in for it. The old gentleman was too quick for it.

"Come out of that!" he cried imperiously, and the wretch stood in the middle of the room.

It did my heart good to hear Nani-Tal fall on the creature. After giving it no end of a lecture, he concluded: "And now, young man, you'll just go back to your jackal for a thousand years and learn better manners."

The wretch protested; it asked for an elephant or even a tiger. Nani-Tal was obdurate.

"A jackal will just suit you," he said; "be off!" The creature vanished. Simultaneously Nani-Tal began to disintegrate.

"Wait a bit!" cried the rajah.

"I can't; I'm summoned to St. James' Hall. There's a large audience, and the professor has been in convulsions for a minute."

I tried to grasp his hand in thanks.

"If you want another," he said, "you must go through the course—the full course. There's no other way. Let this be a lesson to you." And with this parting remark he disintegrated.

The rajah lit a cigar, and, lighter at heart than I had been for many days, followed his example.

"It was wrong of me," said the rajah; "I won't do it again."

"It's a pity it turned out so badly," I remarked; "it was quite a comfort at first."

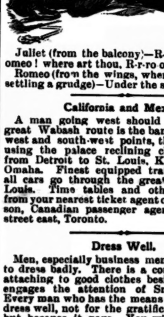
"They're all like that, unless you keep a tight hand on them. Shall you take the course?"

"No! I've had enough of it."

"Perhaps you're right. Excuse me; I have to go to the Deccan on business."

He fell back on the sofa, apparently in a trance, and I went off to a lecture. It makes all the difference whether you know how to do a thing or not.—*St. James' Gazette.*

A Non-appearance.



Juliet (from the balcony).—R-r-ro meo! Ro-o omeo! where art thou. R-r-ro-o-meo?

Romeo (from the wings, where he has been settling a grudge)—Under the supe!

California and Mexico.

A man going west should remember the great Wabash route is the banner line for all west and south-west points, the only railroad using the palace reclining chair cars (free) from Detroit to St. Louis, Kansas City and Omaha. Finest equipped train on earth, and all cars go through the great tunnel at St. Louis. Time tables and other information from your nearest ticket agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, 28 Adelaide street east, Toronto.

Dress Well.

Men, especially business men, cannot afford to dress badly. There is a commercial value attaching to good clothes besides that which engages the attention of Snip, the tailor. Every man who has the means to do so should dress well, not for the gratification of vanity, but because it pays. You will find that a sharp business man shabby in his appearance if he can possibly avoid it. Care must be taken, however, not to go to the other extreme, for the world hates a dandy. We cannot help being impressed by external influences, and if a man is applying for a lucrative appointment and doesn't put on his best coat he's unwise. If women, who are ambitious for their husbands' advancement, would recognize this, they would never allow their "inferior half" to go half-shod in a threadbare suit, but would see that he was clad in garments as good as the family purse would allow, even if she had to sacrifice some small luxuries at home. The chance given to one her far-sighted policy would bring its reward in time. Do you think Reginald Wilfer would have been given the most rickety stool in the darkest corner of Veneering's office had he not been such a "poor shabby little pa?" Self-sacrifice of that order may be noble, but it is not politic. There are, of course, positions in life in which men can afford to regard such matters with indifference. Poets, authors and artists can with impunity neglect their dress, because their vocations do not necessarily bring them in contact with what one may perhaps be excused in calling their "clients." Medical men, on the other hand, are almost invariably scrupulously careful in their attire, and a doctor going among his patients in a greasy old coat and a pair of frayed trowsers would probably soon experience a falling off in practice. For a man occupying an official position, and hoping to rise to the front ranks, to be careless of his appearance is simply suicidal. An amusing incident occurred some time ago which illustrates the scant ceremony with which shabbily dressed people are often treated. A country magnate was called upon with reference to a scheme for the furtherance of some local charity by a person, whom the servant, judging by his time-worn garments, described to his master as "either a beggar or peddler," adding that he had left him in the hall, thinking it safe to show him into one of the rooms. The "beggar or peddler" turned out to be the richest man in the neighborhood!

Her Place Supplied.

Tom-ik—I suppose you were very lonely the month your wife spent at her mother's.

Hojack—Oh, no. She left the parrot at home.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Relieves indigestion, dyspepsia, etc.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies cannot be made at least at the rate of one per week, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, stamps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

MERLIN.—Writing shows fancy, originality, mirth, persistent effort, sociability, rather over expenditure of energy and a temperament which would serve your purpose, enthusiasm, self-respect and a little temper are shown, and a fair amount of tact and sympathy. Should be the writing of a very attractive woman.

No. 10.—This writing shows fondness for social intercourse, love of talk, mirth, energy and some ambition. The writer is of a trustful and openhearted disposition, apt to look on the bright side of things rather impulsive and at the same time cautious, has some strong opinions and is good-tempered, practical and sensible. A great desire to do well and rightly whatever is undertaken, and a rather strong liking for praise are traits that make for successful work.

V. B. V.—This study shows great force of character, a sense of humor, ideality and a generous and large heart. Writer is prone to despond; perhaps she conceals her feelings from her companions, but it is there. Ambition is strong and if only consistent would lead to decided success, but it is baulked by caprice and inconsistency. What is longed for one day, is carelessly dropped on the next. Impulsive, impatient, impressionable, somewhat visible and rather an impatient way of looking at the shortcomings of others.

NEST.—This is a very strong nature, self-willed, obstinate and singularly pessimistic, also generous, kind and good-tempered. Writer is careless of little things, and lacks orderly habits; has a certain amount of adaptability and an uncertain amount of judement; is persevering and has a taste of humor, which in a less amiable person, would be sarcasm. It is a fine study quaint and original. The writer would probably just miss success from lack of force and falls to get a grip of it, but has advantage from a certain perverseness as peculiar as it is aggravating.

STAR.—Thank you! I don't often say it so feelingly as on this occasion. I hope to hear constantly from you. Do you know how well I am acquainted with your present surroundings? Once upon a time I spent many happy days there. I will tell you more about it sometime, if you prefer. You are the girl I like to think of when I have time to think. Some day you will be the Dutch connection, or was it in English that time? I think you might at least have said when I to attract my notice. After this I will keep my eyes open. I wish you a very happy and successful year. *Star.*

No. 60.—This study shows lack of culture and taste, but good adaptability and ingenuity. The writer lacks judgment, and also firmness and decision as well as being utterly devoid of concentrative power. The only capitals given in the study are a singularly unequal F and J, according to rules I should have rejected this study, but as the sentiment seemed cautious to do what was required, I have tried to find something in this scrap from the waste. A great persistence and endurance are shown and capacity for affection, marred by mistrust.

ZELMA.—1. A pretty fancy, a kind heart, fond of thinking good things of everyone, great flexibility, some pride, ambition, honor confidingness and generosity are in this pretty handwriting. A little more reticence would add to its attractiveness and perhaps its practical spotlight. 2 Correspondents need not sign their own names. The coupon you enclosed was all right. I wish you would write after a frame put round the words, so that my correspondents can realize that the correspondence coupon is just what it calls itself, a coupon to show the merits in the face. It is printed undivided, because space in this paper is worth money.

OKLAHOMA.—Your writing shows all the characteristics necessary to a leader of a forlorn hope, a fine, clear, decisive estimate and original in method, apt to be swayed by outer influences, very quick in sympathy and very by judgment, very persistent and a little as fast, effort is not sustained when force and decision are necessary, but on the whole you arrive at reasonable conclusions nine times in ten. Your faults are a lack of straightforwardness and consistency, and a curious obtuseness sometimes. You hard given me the impression of youth, or of an older mind not quite made up what to think, and you are of a rather pessimistic disposition.

BERLAND.—1. The expression "root free," comes from an old Anglo Saxon word scoat, a tax, an assessment, a fine, a contribution. Scoat free—not liable for either if the ancient. 2. Your writing shows energy, clearness of mind, a desire to rise, rather a large opinion of yourself, a sensitive temperament, a courageous and impulsive action, great sympathy and a happy disposition, attention to detail, a sharp observation. Altogether a lively and stirring character, able to get through a crowd without collision or awkwardness, but not altogether liking crowds.

WALL FROM THE WALL.—1. I have just found your letter among a lot of others, and I regret it should be private; for you show a lack of hope, mirth and ambition that is very unpromising for a business career, but I dont think such a temperament if you had money to love, would be any grumble to, and some one to work for you. I think you could be successful in a business if you rather despised current manner gentle, you are somewhat observant and sympathetic in a kind of a way and rather self-ingrossed and rather a bit of a worry and complaining, you can and probably do command sincere love and respect from your intimate friends. You are rather fastidious and have to you than most people think. I should say you were fond of your home and family and capable of sacrifice for one you loved

EDISON CANADENSIS.—If you write your name (and such a name!) with a blot of ink over it, you must not feel aggrieved if graphological pictures are not sent forward for from your intention. And you needn't howl about walking seven miles for your letter was answered strictly in the turn. I am sorry you think my remark about your writing is cruel. As to answering you in my next number, I have so often responded to that request that it is beginning to come a little less frequently. Now, O. C for your writing. You are decidedly conceited, very fond of talking of your own way, and also of any other belonging that is your own At the same time you are nearly determined, fond of ornamentation, prudent and careful in your ways, a fair share of novelty and change is its weakness. You are not slovenly in your habits, and all things look blue you are very deeply tinged with the same shade. Strong capability of affection, love of amusement, and a nature that is not way from spiritual, but not necessarily a loser thereby, are seen in your pothooks and hangers, which are lovely only for their crude strength. You are not ambitious, much on evidence all the same, and a man to be respected sometimes.

TEN.—Your writing shows good ability, self-control, and rather a bit of temperament I think you would act carefully, but with stiff-land energy, though you rather lack the spur of fire You have good ideas of ideal and are capable of good endurance are communicative but not it qualities. 2. The shape of the letters, general size I of connection, and all the small details, such as the t's crosses on "t's," final strokes and commencement of words, are of certain value. Commencement of words and of final things too numerous to tell. The matter of the study sometimes utterly lacks ideas, and sometimes the ideas exceed our curiosity; such with the graphological pictures. I can tell at a glance if I am likely to find original ideas in my study. A poor handwriting or an unintelligible one is clear, but not quite snappy enough for reporting. If you have a good engagement do not resign it for reporting. I have found by attending meetings and reporting, comparing my impressions and then comparing them with some of the best reporters in the country of the daily papers Don't be stuck on yourself—as the boys say. Newspaper work is death to self-conceit. After some practice you might apply to the papers for evening work and gradually work into a good style. A really good reporter is always kept busy.

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but it is hauled by caprice and inconsistency. What is longed for one day, is carelessly dropped on the next. Impulsive, impatient, impressionable, somewhat visible and rather an impatient way of looking at the shortcomings of others.

NEST.—This is a very strong nature, self-willed, obstinate and singularly pessimistic, also generous, kind and good-tempered. Writer is careless of little things, and lacks orderly habits; has a certain amount of adaptability and an uncertain amount of judement; is persevering and has a taste of humor, which in a less amiable person, would be sarcasm. It is a fine study quaint and original. The writer would probably just miss success from lack of force and falls to get a grip of it, but has advantage from a certain perverseness as peculiar as it is aggravating.

STAR.—Thank you! I don't often say it so feelingly as on this occasion. I hope to hear constantly from you. Do you know how well I am acquainted with your present surroundings? Once upon a time I spent many happy days there. I will tell you more about it sometime, if you prefer. You are the girl I like to think of when I have time to think. Some day you will be the Dutch connection, or was it in English that time? I think you might at least have said when I to attract my notice. After this I will keep my eyes open. I wish you a very happy and successful year. *Star.*

No. 60.—This study shows lack of culture and taste, but good adaptability and ingenuity. The writer lacks judgment, and also firmness and decision as well as being utterly devoid of concentrative power. The only capitals given in the study are a singularly unequal F and J, according to rules I should have rejected this study, but as the sentiment seemed cautious to do what was required, I have tried to find something in this scrap from the waste. A great persistence and endurance are shown and capacity for affection, marred by mistrust.

ZELMA.—1. A pretty fancy, a kind heart, fond of thinking good things of everyone, great flexibility, some pride, ambition, honor confidingness and generosity are in this pretty handwriting. A little more reticence would add to its attractiveness and perhaps its practical spotlight. 2 Correspondents need not sign their own names. The coupon you enclosed was all right. I wish you would write after a frame put round the words, so that my correspondents can realize that the correspondence coupon is just what it calls itself, a coupon to show the merits in the face. It is printed undivided, because space in this paper is worth money.

OKLAHOMA.—Your writing shows all the characteristics necessary to a leader of a forlorn hope, a fine, clear, decisive estimate and original in method, apt to be swayed by outer influences, very quick in sympathy and very by judgment, very persistent and a little as fast, effort is not sustained when force and decision are necessary, but on the whole you arrive at reasonable conclusions nine times in ten. Your faults are a lack of straightforwardness and consistency, and a curious obtuseness sometimes. You hard given me the impression of youth, or of an older mind not quite made up what to think, and you are of a rather pessimistic disposition.

BERLAND.—1. The expression "root free," comes from an old Anglo Saxon word scoat, a tax, an assessment, a fine, a contribution. Scoat free—not liable for either if the ancient. 2. Your writing shows energy, clearness of mind, a desire to rise, rather a large opinion of yourself, a sensitive temperament, a courageous and impulsive action, great sympathy and a happy disposition, attention to detail, a sharp observation. Altogether a lively and stirring character, able to get through a crowd without collision or awkwardness, but not altogether liking crowds.

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Worse Than an Inquisition.

Young Wife—I don't like that cooking school teacher at all. She has neither patience nor consideration. She's actually cruel.

Husband—Great snakes! She doesn't really make you eat the things, does she?

The Queen of the Season

is she who pays the most assiduous attention to the care of the skin.

Indeed she goes to great lengths in the study of this subject. She never rubs her face in drying it. She never exposes it to the cold without protection. She uses only such preparations as are of standard purity and excellence.

One of the most important preparations of this class is *Alaska Cream*, which, as a skin dressing, has no equal. She writes of Alaska Cream: "As a protection to the complexion against the roughening and hardening effect of cold winds your Alaska Cream is simply superb, and as a cosmetic it keeps the complexion clear, soft and white. As it is neither greasy nor sticky and is nicely perfumed, it is most agreeable to use, and I can recommend it to all interested in the preservation and improvement of the complexion."

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Our effort, as many of you know, to make one dollar buy as much as two dollars did before, has been successful, and at both stores it shall be our endeavor to do more and more of it.

We put on sale to-day 1,500 Dolls injured by water. Some of them have lost a little of their beauty. Former price 25c. to 50c., our price 1c. to 5c. each. A good time to buy a doll. We offer 15,000 other dolls in all their beauty cheaper than you ever knew them. A large line of games 5c. each, heretofore 10c.; Bagatelle Boards 25c., 64c., $1 34, worth $2.10; $4 48, worth $8; 6,500 Albums, probably as fine goods as any great factory of Germany ever sent out, nearly all of imperial size and very attractive and, best of all, prices are attractive, too, for they are an extra lot that have come to us and they must be sold. Commencing with 5c. imitation leather cover, worth 25c., the cover the best plush and leather cover goods made. Come and see how cheap these fine goods are.

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Music.

ANNUAL meetings of musical societies are not always the most brilliant-ly amusing gatherings by any means, unless there is fighting going on; and the late convention of the Canadian Society of Musicians was no exception to this rule. Much of this is due to the character of the subjects chosen for essays and discussion. For instance, such a subject as Has Music as a Creative Art Reached Its Limits? debated by a party of musicians of whom perhaps five have ever had their own compositions published, and then at their own expense, must remind the cynic of the celebrated three tailors of Tooley street, who Were We the People of England has created endless amusement. That such a question may cause, and indeed should cause, careful thought and research, and that it may lead indirectly to reasonable conclusions cannot be denied, yet for a gathering of musicians composed of two classes—one of which is burning to impart to the other what, if not all, it knows—it is a heavy, profi less subject. It is just the choice of such topics that has made the Society heavy and torpid. People are asked to come from a distance during the few precious mid-winter holidays, to hear a lot of impractical talk upon self-evident propositions.

More life was evinced when Mrs. Dick's motion was made to open the doors of the society to all who could come sufficiently well recommended to pass the ballot instead of an examination. The discussion on this point was lively and sometimes warm. The good sense of many members was shown by their advancement of the claim that as they had come in without examinations, all others who wished to join the society should have similar opportunities. The absurdity of the other side of musical politics was shown by the suggestion that all present members of the society should be made "fellows," and that all new "fellows" should pass examinations. It is in this latter feeling that the causes for the lack of new membership are to be found. What a curious *cacoethes* that one is that aches for a string of initials after one's name! It reminds me of a marriage notice that appeared in the papers here some twelve years ago, in which one of the parties aired an alphabet after his name. This was very wittily parodied by *Grip*, who added a "stickful" of capital letters, ending up with: "No Cards. No Cakes. No Wine. Know Nothing."

The Harmony Club has been rehearsing The Beggar Student assiduously during the holidays, and will have a splendidly trained chorus on the stage on February 12, when The Beggar Student will be produced. The chorus will number some sixty singers, all good voices; the orchestra will be augmented to twenty pieces, and a very effective distribution of the cast of principals has been made. The parts are assigned as follows: Laura, Miss Minnie Gaylord; Bronislava, Miss Laura Harper; Palmatica, Miss Carrie Lash; Eva, Miss Sybil Seymour; Symon, the Beggar Student, Mr. T. D. Beddoe; Janitzky, Mr. J. F. Kirk; Enterich, Mr. George Dunstan; Lieut. Poppenburg, Mr. Cawthra; Major Von Holtzhoff, Mr. H. Hay; Lieut. Wanzerheim, Mr. H. Coburn; Ensign Richtofen, Mr. C. E. Rudge; Captain Henriel, Mr. Nelles; Captain Schweinitz, Mr. W. M. Fahey; Boczumil, Mr. J. G. Gibson. The part of General Ollendorff will be taken by the professional gentleman engaged to undertake the stage management. The costumes will be imported from New York, and in all respects the performance will be the most complete as well as the most ambitious one ever undertaken by the Harmony Club.

At four o'clock this afternoon Mr. W. E. Fairclough, organist of All Saints' church, will give the fourth of the series of organ recitals he has arranged for this season.

Last week the College of Organists (Canada) held its third annual meeting at the Windsor Hotel in Montreal, a large attendance being present, all parts of the country being represented, and great interest being manifested in the welfare and progress of the institution. Among the active members who have enrolled themselves this year are Mr. Percival Illsley, A.C.O., England, organist of St. George's church, Montreal, and Mr. Birch, organist of Christ church cathedral, Montreal, both of these gentlemen having been made honorary fellows. The election of officers for the current year resulted as follows: President, Mr. F. H. Torrington, Toronto; Vice Presidents, Mr. A. S. Vogt (Toronto), Mr. Reed (Montreal); Sec.-Treasurer, Mr. W. E. Fairclough, F.C.O. (England), Toronto; Council—Mr. I. E. P. Aldous, Hamilton; Mr. Birch, Montreal; Mr. Percival Illsley, A.C.O. (England), Montreal; Mr. Arthur Dorey, Sherbrooke; Mr. W. C. Barron, London; Mr. E. A. Hilton, Montreal; Mr. D. J. O'Brien, Hamilton.

On Monday evening, Mr. Edgar J. Ebbels, a gentleman whose attainments as an elocutionist have drawn public attention lately, will give a reading at Association Hall, when he will give a programme consisting almost entirely of novelties. He will be assisted by Miss Minnie Gaylord, soprano, and Mrs. H. Blight, pianist.

Such a society as the C. S. M. should extend the hand of fellowship to all musicians in the country and say "Come and join us." When once in the fold the examinations for fellowship or any other distinction that may be chosen should be urged upon all, but none should achieve these distinctions without examination, except perhaps those holding earned degrees from recognized institutions. There are a few in the society who have held these views and who have consistently battled for them. These heroes—in a sense—have the prospect that next year their principles may be adopted, in spite of the twelve months' motion. A very interesting and instructive paper on The Madrigal was read by Mr. W. Elliott Haslam. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, F. H. Torrington; vice-president, A. E. Fisher; secretary, V. P. Hunt; treasurer, Mrs. Bigelow; assistant secretary, Mrs. Bigelow; general representatives, E. Fisher, Miss Hillary, T. Martin; representatives of cities—Toronto, W. O. Forsyth; Hamilton, J. E. P. Aldous; London, Mrs. Moore; Ottawa, Miss Christie; Kingston, Miss Callaghan; St. Catharines, A. M. Read; Belleville, Mrs. Campbell; Brantford, G. Fairclough; St. Thomas, J. H. Jones; Guelph, Mrs. Harvey, Stratford, Mrs. Smith.

The recital given on the Wednesday morning of the convention was very enjoyable. The Mehan Ladies' Vocal Quartette of Detroit sang several quartettes in very pleasing style. The soloists were Mrs. F. J. Moore, Miss Dailey, Miss Mary Grassick, Miss Elwell, A. R. A. M., and Mr. G. Dinelli, all of whose efforts were highly appreciated. In the evening the society attended the concert given by M. Vladimir de Pachmann before a large and appreciative audience. The central figure was, of course, M. de Pachmann, whose piano playing has won him hosts of admirers in America. His programme on this occasion was a very light and airy one. A large string of Chopin numbers was played with lightness and elegance, but with great superficiality. His renditions were more illustrative of technical facility than of artistic feeling. Most of us can never dissociate Chopin from the idea of warmth and poetic feeling. These attributes were absent from Pachmann's playing. His Liszt numbers seemed to suffer in the same way, all his performances being essentially chamber work. Mrs. Julie L. Wyman, the vocalist of the evening, was not in as good voice as on previous visits, yet she gave charming renditions of Godard's Berceuse, Neven's At Twilight, Thomas' Heart's Fancies, and The World is Mine. She sang these pretty songs with great taste and elegance of expression, and Mr. Guiseppe Dinelli surpassed himself in her accompaniments. The Mehan Ladies' Quartette sang Dudley Buck's arrangement of Annie Laurie with great precision and delicacy of tone, but unfortunately fell from the key before it was finished. A pretty darkey song was sung in response to a well earned encore.

METRONOME.

One Golden Year.

For Saturday Night.

Let me be near you. Dark the night and drear.
The wind is sobbing o'er the frozen moor.
Faster and faster fades the dying year.
They never seemed to go so soon before!
But—you are here.

Let me be near you. Life was once so vain.
The sun for me once shed so little light.
The nights were long; the days grew dark with pain.
'Tis strange this year has seemed so golden bright.
But you—again.

Let me be near you. This has been my dream.
This perfect year—the life beyond compare.
The short swift days, the starry nights but seem
A soft, low song, with love it's music rare
And you—its theme.

LAURIEN DARE.

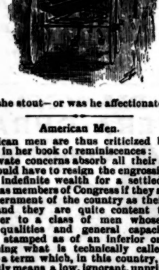
Humiliating.

Boy—Say, young man, give me a quarter and I'll boost yer up and carry yer a bit, an' then yer young lady won't have ter stoop every time she wants ter hear what yer sayin'!

!Appropriate.

Mrs. Begaddsby (gushingly)—What a sublime scene! The solemn grandeur of yonder frowning, cloud-capped mountain fills me with a reverential awe! For ages that grand old monarch has stood, indifferent to tempest and sunshine alike! How weak is Man, how mighty Nature! But, language fails me. Can not you think of something appropriate, Colonel?

Colonel Bitters (a native)—Wa-al, ma'am, I reckon "You bet!" is about the proper remark.



Was she stout—or was he affectionate?

American Men.

American men are thus criticized by Mrs. Kemble in her book of reminiscences: "Their own private concerns absorb all their energy. They would have to resign the engrossing pursuit of indefinite wealth for a settled small stipend as members of Congress if they adopted the government of the country as their business; and they are quite content to give that over to a class of men whose intellectual qualities and general capacity are at once stamped as of an inferior order by their being what is technically called politicians—a term which, in this country, not infrequently means a low, ignorant, unprincipled man, who, being quite unequal to the successful management of his own private affairs undertakes those of the nation. . . . There are no men of leisure; the men of wealth are all money-makers, devo'ed to that supreme 'industry;' the gentlemen (of whom there is no class), are professional men—lawyers, physicians, bankers, merchants—with a sufficiently thorough knowledge of their own peculiar business and a superficial smattering of general nontechnical education, and they keep absolutely aloof from politics and politicians as they would keep aloof from dirty work and dirty people."

An Angry Threat.

Struggling Merchant—If you don't attend to business better, I'll reduce your income by one half.

Chief Clerk—Eh! Only yesterday you said you thought of taking me into partnership.

Struggling Merchant—That's what I mean.

That Sounds Better.

"I'm sorry I can't lend you that five dollars you want," said Miss Bleecker to her Boston friend, Miss Emerson, "but the fact is I'm dead broke."

"I'm very sorry that we are both fatally fractured at the same time," replied Miss Emerson.

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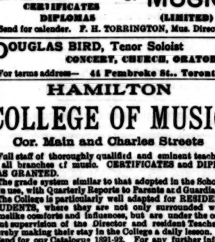

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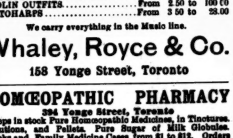

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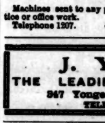

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Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

over visited Toronto made a short sojourn here this week. Those who were happy enough to meet Mrs. Jenness-Miller met one of those people who give to the highest class of American society its indescribable and subtle charm. Beautiful in person, bright and clever in manner and conversation, she is a living exponent of her highest principles, and would convert the most ultra conservative in matters of dress to her reform. Her lecture has left a distinct impression on our society ladies and her sensible, piquant and very good-natured strictures met an affirmative response in both men and women. Mrs. Miller lives at pre ent in Chicago, but intends removing to Washington, where her family has lived since the earliest American days. She was married eight years ago to Mr. Conrad Miller, and a very short time ago the union was gladdened by the advent of Miss Vivian Miller, a wee girl of whom her delightful mother expects great things. Mrs. Miller highly recommends her life-long friend, Miss Laura Gidding, to Toronto ladies, and a welcome is assured to that lady should she come here. The Auditorium was well filled on Wednesday at Mrs. Miller's interesting and instructive lecture.

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Mr. Denis O'Connor, the well known hatter of 160 Yonge street, died on the evening of December 29, at his residence, 64 Hazleton avenue, at the age of 52 years. The deceased gentleman had been in his usual health, when a spasm of heart disease suddenly attacked him, and in spite of the efforts of his medical attendants speedily reached a fatal termination. Mr. O'Connor was one of the oldest and best known furriers in the city. As a man of probity he was highly regarded by the mercantile community. He was a valued and constant worker in St. Basil's parish, a kind and indulgent husband and a father whose devotion to his family was unbounded. Those who best knew h'm will most feel the loss which the world suffers when a good man dies.

A Legend of the Chimes.

AS THE sun rose above the deep blue ocean one New Year's morning long years ago, Neptune commanded the insects of the sea and they built the mermaids a home of the reddest coral and lined it with the whitest pearls. It was built in mid-ocean just above the water; the floor was carpeted with bunches of seaweed colored in the softest tints, and the arched roof was supported by pillars carved in fantastic tracery.

The interior of this cavern always blazed with light, for the sun shone upon it all the day and every pearl reflected a ray of light upon the coral throne that stood within the cave. And beneath the throne was placed a peal of silvery bells. Into the cavern the shadows never entered, for on dark nights when the moon feared to look upon the turbulent ocean one tiny star shed its beams into the mermaids' haunt, and even when the nights were bright and calm this faithful little star added its brilliant streak of light to the pale glory of the moon. And when the star shone and the night breeze played upon the ocean, the waves leaping over the cavern's rugged floor threw pearly showers of spray beneath the throne. And when the bells felt the gentle touch of the crystal drops they played the sweetest music. Sometimes they pealed the anthem of the stormy sea, sometimes the ripple of the waves upon some unknown shore, and then in accents low and clear they told the mermaids the mysteries of the silent deep. So when the mermaids gamboling at a distance heard the bells ring out, they hastened to their home.

In the evening when the sun was sinking in the far off west and the clouds over all the sky reflected his glory, he threw into the heavens his radiant beams of light, and formed among the clouds near where he sank great caverns of light, and made a pathway from the glowing caverns to the coral haunt of the mermaids, and every wavelet in this avenue of gold sparkled like a thousand crystals, and as he sank slowly beneath the gleaming ocean he cast one long inviting look into the mermaids' haunt.

For many years this spot was the scene of the happiest frolics, but one day as the queen of the mermaids sat in the warm rays of the setting sun, upon her coral throne, waiting for the shining of her star, far in the distance a dark speck appeared, emerging from the ocean just where the sun was sinking. The queen trembled, for she knew no messenger from the sun would wear so dark a look. And as she watched, the object took the form of a gigantic bird, stretched its great wings and sailed up the golden street, shutting out the sun; and for the first time a shadow was thrown upon the mermaids' haunt. As the object approached the cave, the queen saw it was a ship and she felt afraid, but soon the star shone out and the mermaid ceased to fear.

The ship sailed on, and near the cave it stopped and anchored. The night was dark, and in the distance the storm was raging; but the ship was safe, for over the mermaids' haunt the wind never blew in anger.

King George was in the ship sleeping peacefully in his cabin. For weeks he had sailed the stormy sea far from the sight of land. Many a weary night he had spent longing for his home. This night was the last in the old year, and as he slept he thought he was sailing along the shores of his native land. He saw the white foam dashing on the rocky coast of Cornwall, and heard the warning clang of the bell-buoy. Then the ship glided past the shores of Devon, and where the cliffs were low he saw the hills forming a soft green background for the red rocks. As she sailed on past a big city, the king heard the cathedral chimes ringing out a wedding march. Then the city vanished, and the white cliffs of Dorset appeared. A soft breeze blew from the land, and he heard the distant sound of sheep bells and the hushed whisper of the forest trees. This faded, and the green lanes of Hampshire came in sight. He heard the Sabbath bells and saw the country folk winding through the fields toward the ivy-covered church. In a moment this vision drew past from his sight and was followed by hamlet and village, and farmyard, and cottage in shadowy disorder. At last he saw the Isle of Wight, and soon the ship arrived in Portsmouth harbor. There he saw the flash and heard the roar of the cannon as they fired a royal salute. But at Portsmouth no bells rang out to welcome his return. When they reached Spithead he heard the anchor drop. Then King George awoke, and realized that it was all a dream.

He went on deck. The night was dark; but at one spot among the coral rocks a strange light shone and a peal of bells played the strangest music. The king commanded his men to lower a boat and bring the bells to the ship, saying: "The next time I hear them ring it shall be from my ship at Spithead."

The sailors refused. "For," said they, "if we take those phantom bells some great evil will befall us."

King George was brave; so with some of his men he rowed to the rocks, searched the caverns, and finding the bells brought them to the ship. At daylight they set sail and after a stormy voyage arrived in Portsmouth harbor, where they hung the bells in the parish church.

And as the sailor approaches his native land he is greeted by the sound of many bells, but the sweetest chimes along the coast are those that sound from the belfry where the mermaids' bells are hung.

It was lonely in the caverns of the sea, and the queen of the mermaids sat upon her coral throne and wept, for the bells were gone, and the night was dark and the star trembled and hid its face. At last the morning of the New Year dawned, and then the mermaids gathered around their queen and watched all day until the sun became a great red ball sinking beneath the sea, and when he gave his look of invitation they sailed along the golden pathway to the bright caverns in the clouds.

. . . . . .

The coral rocks are still a bright spot upon the sea, but around the cavern no sound is ever heard but that of the wind and waves; and the nights are sometimes dark, for the faithful star shines upon the mermaids' haunt in the seas of a distant world. WALTER J. SPARRS.

Art and Artists.

HAVE it from a reliable source that Mr. L. R. O'Brien, R. C. A., the well known artist, has resigned from the Ontario Society of Artists. I believe also that the directors, loath to lose so illustrious a name as his, have asked him to reconsider his action, but that Mr. O'Brien is unlikely to do so.

•

Last spring's shocking exhibition will be remembered by the reader. Out of the four hundred then exhibited there were at a liberal estimate but a hundred pictures entitled to a position on the walls. The balance were either pot-boilers by full-fledged artists or studies of old boots and red apples by the pupils of said artists. It is said that Mr. O'Brien saw that exhibition, became disgusted with the Society of which he had been an active member, and decided on the first opportunity he would stand from under. And who can blame him? The last O. S. A. exhibition differed but in degree from those exhibitions of "oil painting done in four lessons," and "painting on plush, done in two lessons" that adorn the public streets. The truth of the matter is that a few talented and reputable Toronto artists have commercialized art in a most reprehensible way. They have large numbers of pupils and give even daily criticisms at from $8 to $10 a month, with the promise that the pupil's sketches and daubs shall reach that goal of illimitable fame, next spring's exhibition. Artists who have their art at heart do well to strike out for a better state of things. Mr. O'Brien's resignation is, I am told, the forerunner of those of many prominent men, and another exhibition such as last spring's will put the Society hopelessly into the mire.

•

The exhibition of water colors by Mr. O'Brien in Matthews's gallery has been largely attended by lovers of art. Considered from an academical point of view the works are flawless. They are pretty in treatment rather than broad, but many of his subjects appeal strongly to Canadians. The three harvest field pictures are especially fine, and the catalogue contains many pictures which exhibit a most complete knowledge of composition. I refrain from mentioning the pictures individually, for not one can be named as more excellent than its fellows.

•

Mr. J. W. L. Forster, R. C. A., has completed a splendid and characteristic portrait, which has been on exhibition at Matthews's this week.

•

Mr. Carl Ahrens, R. C. A., had a surprise this week for those interested in local art. He has struck out on a field entirely new with him and he bids fair to stand high as a domestic painter. He has completed a large picture entitled A Modern Cherub, which is as fine a piece of child painting as has been seen in this city. It is a picture, simple in composition, of a chubby little boy of about five years playing with a brown pitcher and a basting spoon. At the right side of the picture is a wooden shoe, in which the youngster has been dragging his rag doll. The coloring is fine, and the flesh painting good, and the drawing of unusual excellence. The figure is about three-quarters life size. Another picture of Mr. Ahrens, is a small sketch entitled Friends, with a child holding a wooden doll, painted with a broad brush in a crisp and effective way. CHAD.

A Fiendish Revenge.

Clara (fiercely)—Yes, Tom Tryfler has broken faith with me and broken my heart. But he little dreams how I shall be revenged!

Carrie—Heavens! Will you poison him, or what?

Clara—Neither. But cousin Carrie and I have secured matinee seats right in front of Tom and his new flame, and we two will wear our very largest hats.

Genevieve.

Her name was really Sarah, but she was known at once to the household as Genevieve, Yolande, Guinivere, Marguerite and Carmencita.

A large-boned, broad-hipped, horse-faced woman of forty-five, lumbering in action, dense, and on fire with furtive curiosity.

Mr. George Jougleur, a lawyer—bald, fat and given to reading the scriptures with silent absorption in the dining-room for half an hour before breakfast—the eldest son of the family.

Scene—The dining room. Time—The third morning of her arrival.

Genevieve (unable to stand it longer)—Hwhat is ut you be raydin', sor?

Mr. George Jougleur (without looking up)—The Bible.

Genevieve (lifting and dropping knives and forks at the table, already set, tugging the unwrinkled cloth, handling the bread aimlessly and otherwise giving excuse for her presence)—Well, uf everybody done hwhat was roight, there'd be no wrong in the wurrld.

Silence on the part of Mr. George Jougleur.

Genevieve (ingratiatingly)—Ye maught be a mighty shmart man, sor, to get on wid so little schyap as ye does. Yer an owl.

Silence.

Renewed attention to the table.

Genevieve (explodingly)—Hwhat was it took off yer hair, sor?

Mr. George Jougleur (quietly)—Get me the *Chronicle*.

Genevieve—Hwhat wan is it, sor? There be two papers down be the dure av a marnin.' How'll Oi be knowin' which is ut? Oi can't rayd. Ut's too bad, isn't ut?

Silence, and continued Scripture reading.

Genevieve (removing and replacing the lid of the sugar bowl)—Thim gurls wid shtoyle an' thim what was here laaht night is yer cousins, I'm towld. Jenny's better lukin' nor Minnie—ha!

Silence.

Genevieve (reflectively, and rattling the carver against the steel)—Well, whin wan's young, id's the toime to be gallivantin' round. Oi has no toime fur ut, meself. Will yez have breakfust now, sor?

Mr. George Jougleur (drawing up his chair to the table and seizing a slice of bread)—Yes.

Genevieve—Here's caffee.

Later—Here's mate.

Later—Here's potatiee.

Later—Hwhat's the matter wid the caffee? Isn'd it good?

Mr. George Jougleur (collectedly)—No; it's damned bad.

Genevieve (rolling toward the kitchen in an amused frame of mind)—Fussy ould bach!

Later—Will yez thry some tay, Garge?

Mr. George Jougleur (absently)—No.

Genevieve (as one who can cheerfully make allowances)—Ye has a timper av yer own, Oi'm thinkin' Garge.

Silence.

. . . . . .

Night—the third night of Genevieve's engagement.

(Mr. George Jougleur arrives an hour late. The others have finished their evening meal.)

Mr. George Jougleur (brisk and hungry)—Dinner, Sarah.

Genevieve (from the kitchen)—Ye'll have no dinner.

Mr. George Jougleur—Hey! What's that?

Genevieve (appearing at the door with her fists on her jutting hips and speaking calmly, but in determined tones)—Thin thats late gits nothin' to ait here, wid me the lady that does the work. Home in toime, an' there's yer dinner; late, an' id's divil a bite ye'll have.

Mr. George Jougleur (rising to the occasion)—Pack your traps and clear out of this house, you insolent old fool.

Genevieve (employing her apron as a handkerchief, gazing triumphantly for a moment at the bewildered family, and then throwing back her round head to laugh)—I knowed ut! Hwhat did Oi tell yez? Poverty an' bad manners is wan, sez Oi, an' I knowed ut wd come thrue. So ih has. Lave yez? Wud Oi ahtay, d'ye think—me that's a lady? Begorra, we're not in Oireland, Oi'm thinkin'. Praise God fur Ameriky, sez Oi. Fur two shtrawe Od'd claw the bald head av yez, ye fussy ould bach, wid yer Bible an' yer fine feather coosins, ye philanderin' ould divil! Lave? Gimme me month's wages an' luck at the back av me!

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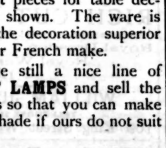

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Friday, the 15th Day of January Next

The transfer books will be closed from the 1st to the 10th day of January next, both days inclusive, by order of the Board.

Toronto, December 23, 1891. E. E. SHEPPARD, Manager.

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BRANTFORD.

Miss Gould gave a very successful progressive euchre party on Tuesday evening. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Hardy, Mr. and Mrs. Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Waterous, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Stratford, Mr. and Mrs. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Henry, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Blackader, Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. Nelles, Mr. and Mrs. Hailey, Mr. and Mrs. J. Waterous, Mr. and Mrs. F. Waterous, Mrs. Allen of Chicago, Miss De Veber, Miss De Long, Messrs. Killmaster, Reville, Yates, Fairclough, Cronyn, Leefe and Muirhead. Mrs. Hardy wore a pretty costume of yellow crepe. Mrs. Osborne looked lovely in white silk. Mrs. Henry wore pink and gray silk. Mrs. Wilson, pink; Mrs. Robertson, red silk.

Mr. G. B. Killmaster is the guest of Mrs. Osborne.

Mrs. Blackader entertained a few to a delightful supper on Monday night.

Mr. H. H. Yates is home from McGill College for the holidays.

Mr. A. D. Hardy attended the Club ball in Buffalo on Tuesday.

Miss Campbell of Toronto is the guest of Mrs. Whitehead.

Mr. Allen Johnson is leaving Brantford for Hamilton. He will be greatly missed.

Miss Ott of Brant avenue spent Christmas with her sister, Mrs. (Dr.) King, Toronto.

Mr. Howell of Toronto is spending his holidays in Brantford.

Mr. and Mrs. Kerr Osborne entertained a large number of young people Friday evening last at their residence, Woodburn. The party was given in honor of Cadet J. Woodburn Osborne, who is home from the Royal Military College at Kingston. The spacious house was thrown open to about two hundred guests. Decorations of holly, palms and mistletoe were everywhere to be seen. The first flat was entirely devoted to the dances. On the second flat sitting rooms were to be found for friends who wandered "far from the madding crowd." On the third flat supper was served throughout the entire evening. The officers of the Dufferin Rifles present appeared in military uniform. The music for the dancing was furnished by the Thirteenth Battalion String Band of Hamilton. The hostess was magnificently dressed in a Parisian costume of black tulle embroidered with gold. Among those present were: Judge Finkle of Woodstock, Messrs. Napier, Rewley and Holmes of Paris, Macmahon of Tilsonburg, Messrs. McDonald of Dunnville, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Wilkes, Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Yates, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Nelles, the Misses Crompton, Hossie, Gould, Curtis, Gibson, Wye, Leonard, Bunnell, Johnson, Goodson, Brooke, Osborne, Greer, DeLong, McLellan, Barr, Rolls, Domville of Hamilton, Hewitt, Ashton, Pike, Bishop, Nelles, Ross, Fair, Campbell of Toronto, Miss DeVeber of St. John, N.B., Miss Hatton of Toronto, Misses Muson and Rogers of Cayuga; Messrs. E. L. Gould, H. D. Curtis, Hardy, Pauquier, H. Yates, Mulr, Fairclough, Leaf, G. Watt, E. Whitehead, Wallace, Leonard, Henwood, Dr. Henwood, Muirhead, Johnson, Reville, Hewitt, W. G. Killmaster, G. B. Killmaster, Cronyn, Chapman, A. Hardy, F. Hardy, Wisner, Wilkes, Lay, Salter, Allan, Nelles, Martin; Messrs. Wyatt, Ross, Hawthorne, Small of Toronto; Messrs. Ferry, Gillespie, Burns, Billett, Gansby, Spratt, Gates, Domville, J. Y. Osborne, D. Osborne, A. Osborne, W. Osborne of Hamilton. The gowns were worthy of a more extended description than space permits. Mrs. Whitehead wore a handsome creame white silk; Mrs. Herbert Yates, pale blue silk; Miss Gould, gray and pink silk; Miss Hossie, cream silk with gold trimmings; Miss Hatton, white silk and lace; Miss Crompton, a black empire costume; Miss Curtis, white silk; Miss Greer, white silk and old gold; Miss De Long, black and white with pink roses; Miss DeVeber, green tulle; Miss N. Crompton, gray silk; Miss Domville, white Bedford cord trimmed with sable; Miss Hewitt, old rose silk; Miss Johnson, black silk with scarlet plumes; Miss McLellan, cream brocade; Miss Brooke, cream bengaline. SAILOR.

PORT HOPE.

Miss Mackie gave a delightful dance last week, which was greatly enjoyed by the many young people present, and the spacious drawing room presented a dazzling appearance of handsome costumes and youth and beauty. The charming young hostess was arrayed in a becoming gown of pearl satin, and gracefully entertained her numerous guests. The dance, which was one of the most successful of the season, was not concluded until a late hour.

Miss Louise Sanders gave an At Home on Tuesday, which was attended and enjoyed by many of her friends.

Miss H. E. Shepherd gave a party on Tuesday evening in honor of her guests, Miss Hall and Miss McClain of Whitby Ladies' College. The evening was most enjoyably spent.

Miss H. S. Patterson gave an evening of private theatricals last week, which was thoroughly enjoyed by a large assemblage of young friends. A programme of charades, tableaux and instrumental selections proved a great success, and was concluded by an amusing comedetta by Will F. Trayes, entitled An Actor in a Fix, which was the most enjoyable event of the evening. The leading parts in the theatricals were creditably enacted by Miss H. S. Patterson, Miss Monsell and Miss Annie Patterson and Messrs. Trayes, Monsell, Fields and Mackie. An instrumental selection by Miss H. E. Shepherd, a pupil of the Conservatory of Music, Toronto, was a very entertaining number of the programme. Refreshments were served by the party during the evening.

Miss Farquharson gave a very enjoyable dance on Wednesday evening in honor of her brother, Mr. R. H. S. Farquharson of Montreal.

Mrs. Edward F. Blake was the guest of her father, His Honor Judge Benson, last week.

Miss Lottie Martin of Dorset street, returned from a visit to Toronto on Tuesday evening.

Dr. F. J. and Mrs. Brown have returned from an enjoyable visit to New York.

FRANCIS.

BARRIE.

Sans Souci, the residence of Mrs. Bird, was the scene of a most pleasant affair on the evening of Friday, New Year's night, it being the occasion of a progressive euchre party. About thirty-five guests assembled and competed keenly for the prizes, which were won by Miss Baker and Mr. P. Kortright, Mr. L. G. McCarthy carrying off the booby prize. After supper dancing was enjoyed till the small hours of the morning. Amongst those present were noticed the Misses Cotter, Stewart, Kortright, Hornsby, McCarthy, Baker, Campbell, Holmes, Lally, Boys and Way, and Messrs. Boys, Hornsby, Kortright, Checkly, Chopplin, Gillett, Giles, Forde, McCarthy and Baker.

On Tuesday, December 29, Mrs. Henderson of Bellevue was At Home to the young people of the town. A large number availed themselves of the kind invitation and enjoyed themselves in dancing.

A Young People's Whist Club has been organized, with Mrs. Vansittart as president and Mr. McKenzie as secretary-treasurer. It is intended that the club shall meet every Tuesday evening at eight o'clock and break up at eleven.

Miss Hall of Toronto is visiting Mrs. Baker.

Mr. W. A. Boys was at home for Christmas.

The Messrs. Bird spent Christmas and New Year's in town. VOX.

It Will not be Broken.

Bigby—Mr. Higby left a very ambiguous will.

Digby—I suppose the heirs will contest it.

"No; I don't believe they'll be able to get a lawyer to touch it."

"Why not?"

"The old fellow only left about twenty-three dollars' worth of property."

China and Japan.

Westward to the Far East, the new publication of the Canadian Pacific Railway, is, as will be surmised by the title, a guide to the countries of China and Japan. This little volume is replete with all information relative to such a journey, including maps, log record, short summary of the Japanese language, etc., and while giving some necessary statistics does not bore the reader by constant references to figures, a common so prevalent in the ordinary guide book. Any of our readers thinking of touring, or wishing to have a further knowledge of these nations, yet beautiful countries, could not do better than peruse this work, as not only is the information vouched strictly reliable, but it refers the reader to the best authorities extant on all points where fuller detail may be required. Quite a feature of the guide is the summary of the Japanese tongue, which will be found amply sufficient to the ordinary tourist. Westward to the Far East is beautifully finished, the binding being especially artistic, and anyone wishing to obtain a copy should write or call upon Mr. W. R. Callaway, 118 King street west, who will be glad to furnish same.

Coming Theatrical Attractions.

An interesting event of the season will be Rose Coghlan's engagement at the Grand Opera House for three nights, commencing next Thursday, January 14. Miss Coghlan will open in Dorothy's Dilemma, which is a New York, Boston and Philadelphia success. The play is a high class comedy. Miss Coghlan's own part, that of Dorothy Darling, an American girl in London, suggests in a measure, it is said, that of Suzanne in a Scrap of Paper, and also that of Lady Gay Spanker in London Assurance, in that the character delineated is that of a plucky, vigorous young woman, who is not afraid of the indefinite, and who will take a chance, a little out of the limits of conventionality, in order to save a girl friend from a distasteful matrimonial match and win her own lover for herself. It is to accomplish these ends that Dorothy masquerades for the moment in the uniform of a captain of the Inniskilling Dragoons, and very nearly, but not quite, gets into serious complications. Dorothy's Dilemma is not a one part play, however; a company of good actors is required for its performance, and the people have been secured in John T. Sullivan, William Redmond, Thomas Whiffen, John S. Marble, Edward Peiper, Helen Russell, Adelle Palms and Beatrice Moreland. Miss Coghlan's engagement is for three nights only. Saturday night she will give a change of programme, appearing in Lady Barter and Nance Oldfield.

A Western Wedding.

It happened long ago in a western mining town. There wasn't a preacher in the place and when an exceedingly raw young man and woman desired to get married the services of the police judge were called in. He had never had any experience in that branch of his authority, but with true western enterprise he agreed to tackle the job and the culprits were brought before him.

"Stand up," he said, as they presented themselves, and they stood up.

"Come forward to the bar of justice," he continued with a pompous effort, and they done.

"Guilty or not guilty?" he asked as they stood before him holding hands.

"Guilty, your honor," responded the groom.

"Is this your first offence?"

"It is, your honor, so help me."

"Well, there is only one to do but impose a life sentence on both of you and assess the groom for the costs."

"How much, your honor?" asked the groom, going down into his pockets.

"Ten dollars."

The groom handed it over.

"Case is terminated," pronounced the judge, and the innocent young things marched out of the room as radiant as a June morning when the sunlight kisses the roses until they blush again.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Ring the Bell.

Young Lady—Good morning, Mr. Surplice. You stated yesterday that you wished some of the members of the congregation would solicit subscriptions for a bell.

Clergyman—Yes, Miss De Goode. It is my ambition to have the largest and finest bell in the city.

"I have plenty of leisure and would like to help."

"Very well. Here is a book. Don't waste time applying to families who live within two or three blocks of the church. They won't give anything."

What's in a Name.

"What name did they give the baby, Uncle Moses?"

"I disremember perzactly, but it was some kind of beer."

"Beer?"

"No, it wasn't beer, it was some sort of ale—Dublin ale, or Samuale, or Emanuale—I forgits which."

There Were Exceptions.

The Shopper (in China and Queensware store, to Salesman).—You don't break these sets, I presume?

The Salesman—No 'm; but our errand boy does sometimes.

Enough.

Billy Billington (tenderly)—What would you say if I were to propose to you?

Coochy Coolington.—Guess.

Billy Billington—How many guesses may I have?

Coochy Coolington.—Only two.

Her Great Mistake.

She said the ring he gave to her
Was not a perfect fit.
Oh, foiled error! For he got
Another girl for it.

Happier Than a Queen.

Mrs. Hiffe—Haven't I told you, once for all, that I don't need anything whatever? Why don't you go?

Peddler (respectfully)—Madam, I could like to feast mine eyes on der lucklest womans in der vorldt. You vas better off as der czarina!

Competition.

Little Tot (tugging at her papa's leg)—Dimme dime, papa!

Her Papa—Why, bless you! what for, child?

Little Tot—I heard brovver George tell sister Tillie 'at he pulled you' leg for five dollars last night. I'll do it for less 'n that!

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Births.

ALLEN—Jan. 1, Mrs. Norman Allen—a daughter.
BUTLER—Jan. 3, Mrs. W. E. Butler—a son.
COATSWORTH—Dec. 31, Mrs. R. C. Coatsworth—a daughter.
LEASKE—Jan. 2, Mrs. A. O. Leaske—a son.
MACKENZIE—Jan. 4, Mrs. George A. Mackenzie—a son.
WRIGHT—Jan. 2, Mrs. D. J. Gibb Wishart—a daughter.
CRIGHTON—Dec. 29, Mrs. Thomas Crighton—a son.
RUSSELL—Dec. 28, Mrs. P. D. Dowfall—a son.
LIBBY—Dec. 29, Mrs. M. F. Libby—a son.
ROBERTSON—Dec. 23, Mrs. Hugh Robertson—twins, son and daughter.
ROSS—Dec. 20, Mrs A. K. Ross—a daughter.
MACHLAN—Dec. 22, Mrs. J. R. Machlan—a son.
WILLIAMS—Dec. 30, Mrs. Wesley Williams—a son.
MILLMAN—Jan. 1, Mrs. W. H. Millman—a son.
WEDD—Dec 31, Rev. G. M. Wedd—a son.

Marriages.

GOLD—GOULD—Jan. 1, T. G. Gold to Lily Gould.
BROWN—WARD—Dec. 31, Alonza Brown to Cecilia Ward.
DICKSON—HARRISON—Dec. 28, John Dickson to Annie Harrison.
BROWN—MONKMAN—Dec. 30, Fred W. Brown to Lizzie Monkman.
FOTHERINGHAM—McGILLIVRAY—Dec. 30, J. T. Fotheringham to Jennie McGillivray.
HUNT—ROBINSON—Dec 31, V. Pavie Hunt to Nellie E. Robinson.
JARVIS—KERR—Dec. 31, Harry Jarvis to Kathleen Kerr.
FISKE—LAPP—Dec. 30, Edward Fiske to Harriet Lapp.
HASTINGS—GRAFTON—Dec. 30, A. Orr Hastings to Clara Grafton.
KNIGHT—GRAHAM—Dec. 30, Charles Knight to Sara Graham.
McKIE—GURDETTE—Dec. 28, J. N. McKim to Alice Burdette.
MATTHEWS—TURNER—Dec. 31, Herbert Matthews to Annie Turner.
MORRIS—DICKSON—Dec. 29, Alex Morris to Ida Dickson.
PARDEE—JOHNSTON—Dec. 31, Fred E. Pardee to Mary E. Johnston.
JARVIS—GEIKIE—Dec. 29, Harold A. Jarvis to Laura Geikie.
KEMP—HERSCHBERG—Dec. 30, Rev. C. Kemp to Lydia Hershberg.
GLASGOW—DOAN—Dec. 30, Milton Glasgow to Martha Doan.
WALKER ELLIS—Dec. 28, Herbert Walker to Florence Ellis.
McKAY—DOYLE—Jan. 1, J. F. McKay to May Doyle.

Deaths.

WILSON—Dec., Chief Justice Sir Adam Wilson, aged 78.
O'CONNOR—Dec. 29, Dennis O'Connor, aged 52.
WALSH—Jan. 2, Mary Sophia Walsh, aged 8.
GANSON—Dec. 31, Florence McDonald Langton.
GRAY—Jan. 2, James Gray, aged 47.
MILLER—Jan. 3, Lizzie Thompson, aged 29
GRAHAM—Jan. 1, Thomas Graham, aged 56
BROWN—Jan. 2, Eliza C. Brown, aged 73.
PERKINS—Dec. 30, Frederick Perkins, aged 80.
GILMOUR—Jan. 2, Ellen Gilmour, aged 60.
WATSON—Jan. 3, John H. Watson, aged 55.
CHRISTIE—Jan. 3, Peter Christie, aged 38.
BRECKON—Jan. 3, Charles F. Breckon, aged 21.
CUDDY—Dec. 30, John A. Cuddy, aged 37.
MOSS—Jan. 2, Frederick Moss, aged 15.
CAMPBELL—Jan. 3, Edith R. Campbell, aged 9 months.
FLANAGAN—Jan. 2, John Flanagan, aged 75.
STEPHEN—Dec. 30, Agnes Pa'ciel Stephen.
KENNEDY—Dec 29, John E. Kennedy.
JONES—Dec 29, Elizabeth Jones, aged 76.
COATSWORTH—Jan. 5, Maude D. Coatsworth, aged 29.
CLAPP—Jan. 4 Helen M. Clapp, aged 63.
FYFE—Jan. 4, Helen Fyfe, aged 47.
GILMOUR—Jan. 3, Lieut.-Colonel Charles T. Gilmour.
McFADDEN—Jan. 3, Jane McFadden, aged 67.
PATRIARCHE—Jan. 4 Guy H. Patriarche, aged 22.
STELL—Jan. 4, Mrs. Hughena Stell, aged 44.
LUMLEY—Dec. 30 Rebecca Lumley.
BOLSTON—Dec 29, Catherine Bolston.
REID—Dec. 29, George Reid, jr., aged 36.
TURPIN—Dec. 29, Elizabeth Turpin, aged 60
PENNEY—Dec. 31, Mary Lucy Penney, aged 69.
MORTIMER—Jan. 1, James Mortimer, aged 4 months.
ELLIGET—Dec. 31, Mary Elliget, aged 86.
KEY—Dec. 31, Caroline Key, aged 54.
NOBLE—Dec. 31, James Noble, 63
RUSSELL—Mary Ann Dec. 5, Hugh Russell, aged 52.
SLOAN—Jan. 1, Ellen Sloan, aged 75
HARGETTLE—Jan. 1, George Hargettle, aged 87.
ELLIOTT—Dec. 31, Elizabeth L. E Iliott.
ORTON—Jan. 3, Dr. Richard Orton, aged 52.

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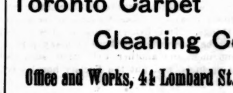

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